July, 1904

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN."
Manuscripts sent to any of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Mr. Sage and Mr. Scrooge

We have nothing to say editorially about Mr. Russell Sage's widely quoted and discussed paper on "The Injustice of Vacations." Mr. Sage certainly has a right to his opinions and to express them. In our mind the only question is, "Has or has not Mr. Sage been guilty of literary plagiarism?"

At length the hour of shutting up the counting house arrived. With an ill-will Scrooge dismounted from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day to-morrow, I s u p p o s e ?" said Scrooge.

"If quite convenient, sir."

"It's not convenient," said Scrooge, "and it's not fair. If I was to stop half a crown for it, you'd think yourself ill-used, I'll be bound!"

The clerk smiled faintly.

"And yet," said Scrooge, "you don't think *me* ill-used, when I pay a day's wages for no work."

The clerk observed that it was only once a year.

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December!" s a i d Scrooge, buttoning his great coat to the chin.—From Charles Dickens's *A Christmas Carol.*

Let us assume that an employer and his clerk made an agreement to exchange just remuneration for reasonable services, and each one keeps his part of the agreement. Are they not then quits? If there is any obligation, I think it is on the part of the clerk, who avails of the credit, skill and organisation of the employer to learn a business and advance himself along a path which has already been prepared for him. What right has he, then, to demand or expect pay for two weeks' time for which he renders no equivalent, not considering the serious inconvenience to which he often puts his employer?

Suppose we were to reverse the conventional order of things and, instead of the clerk demanding two weeks' pay gratis, the employer should demand two weeks' work without pay as a condition of retaining the clerk in his employ. What a tremendous howl would go up.—From "The Injustice of Vacations." By Russell Sage, in the *Independent*, June 2, 1904.

A Thackerayan Gem

There has been a great deal of new Thackerayana brought to light during the past few years, but among it all we do not think there is a more striking b i t than the accompanying s k e t c h, which is here printed for the first time. It is the property of Mr. Frederick S. Dickson, of Philadelphia, a well known Thackerayan authority, and will be included in General James Grant Wilson's *Thackeray in the United States,* which is to be published next autumn. The anecdote connected with the sketch is as follows: Thackeray was lunching one day at Folkstone with Lady Knighton, and suggested that they have a bottle of wine. "Champagne at luncheon! Oh, no, Mr. Thackeray, I shan't allow it," said the lady. But he was not to be dissuaded, he argued his own thirst, offered to drink the greater part of the bottle, and finally promised Lady Knighton a shilling if she would consent. She could not resist the bribe, and the wine was ordered. The next day Thackeray sent her the shilling in the shape of twelve penny postage stamps with the head of the queen in red. He cut the head out of each, and pasted the stamps on paper. Her Majesty's body was finished with pen and ink. Another head was supplied with a moustache, and was made into a resemblance of the Prince Consort, while the other ten by means of clippings with the

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scissors and pen additions complete the Royal Family from the then Prince of Wales down.

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Recent Denunciation

We learn with pleasure that Sarah Grand's letters to the London daily papers have caused no small stir in the British Isles. They are to the effect that honour among men is dead and, indeed, almost forgotten and that the increasing idleness of women is a curse to both sexes. Stung by the exposure men and women rejoined and there ensued one of those mighty debates wherein the readers of newspapers are accustomed to see the centuries weighed in the balance and the guilt of a generation settled offhand. Women make the best denouncers, owing to their extraordinary gift for sudden and boundless generalisation. With no sense of exceptions to dampen her blasting powder, as you might say, Mrs. Grand's invective not only destroys the offending object, but carries away a large part of the earth's surface, and she becomes for the moment as properly the centre of attention as Mount Pelée. So it is with us whom also a woman leads. At the present time we have no one comparable to Mrs. Gertrude Atherton in certitude and sweep. She is followed wistfully by a jaded press and no sooner does she print an article than extracts from it are whirling around in a dozen papers under the most inviting titles—"Is Italy a Corpse?" "Has the Country Lost Its Sense of Humour?" "Is Everybody Anæmic?" and "Is Our Literature Bourgeois?" Then there was Mrs. Wharton's swift rebuke of the reading public (because though only a public it insisted on trying to read), which was caught up by dozens of exchange editors for the propagation of pleasant shocks. We forget the name of her immediate predecessor, but Mrs. Nation was ravaging Kansas not so very long before.

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Now, we do not intend to draw the usual moral from this about hasty feminine inferences and all that, least of all to retort with that utterly unsportsmanlike question, What are the facts? The truth is, we like any good bit of denunciation for its own sake. If it were not ruthless it would not be nearly so spectacular. We belong to a generation that likes to be well damned, that is, if it be done generally and *en masse,* and not by picking out a few of us, which, of course, would be invidious. Denunciation is good journalism. Like the farce, and the sonnet, and the leading article, it has its own laws, which are not the laws of logic or philosophy.

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A School for Novelists

Knowing the weakness of the literary temper Mr. James Gordon Bennett recently wrote or inspired a leading article in his newspaper asking why there should not be a school for instruction in novel-writing, and followed it up by sending an interviewer to New York authors and editors on the chance that they would talk. Of course they did talk and very foolishly ourselves among them. Mr. Bennett's somewhat cynical sense of humour is gratified by the result. From reading current American works of fiction he had been struck by their many points of likeness. It was evident to him that very few of them, and those by no means the most successful, were the result of independent personal observation or imagination. A new book, said he to himself, is clearly a more or less unconscious compilation from its predecessors. Why not be frank about it and give up all this nonsense about special inspiration? How many fine frenzies went to the making of the various successors of the late *David Harum,* admirable "sellers," some of them? Is Mr. Winston Churchill an individual? Was a Muse the mother of Hall Caine? So with low but grating laughter he propounded that insidious question, Why can't the whole thing be taught? and every one replied quite seriously, without so much as a wink, and no one retorted, as you might reasonably have expected. Why that is the very trouble; the whole thing *is* taught. We know too well that most American writers could pass the good word along. We do not doubt the writer who said that he had actually taught his pupils to write "creditable verse." But why do it? As patriots let us rather say, Thy secret perish with thee, in matters of this sort.

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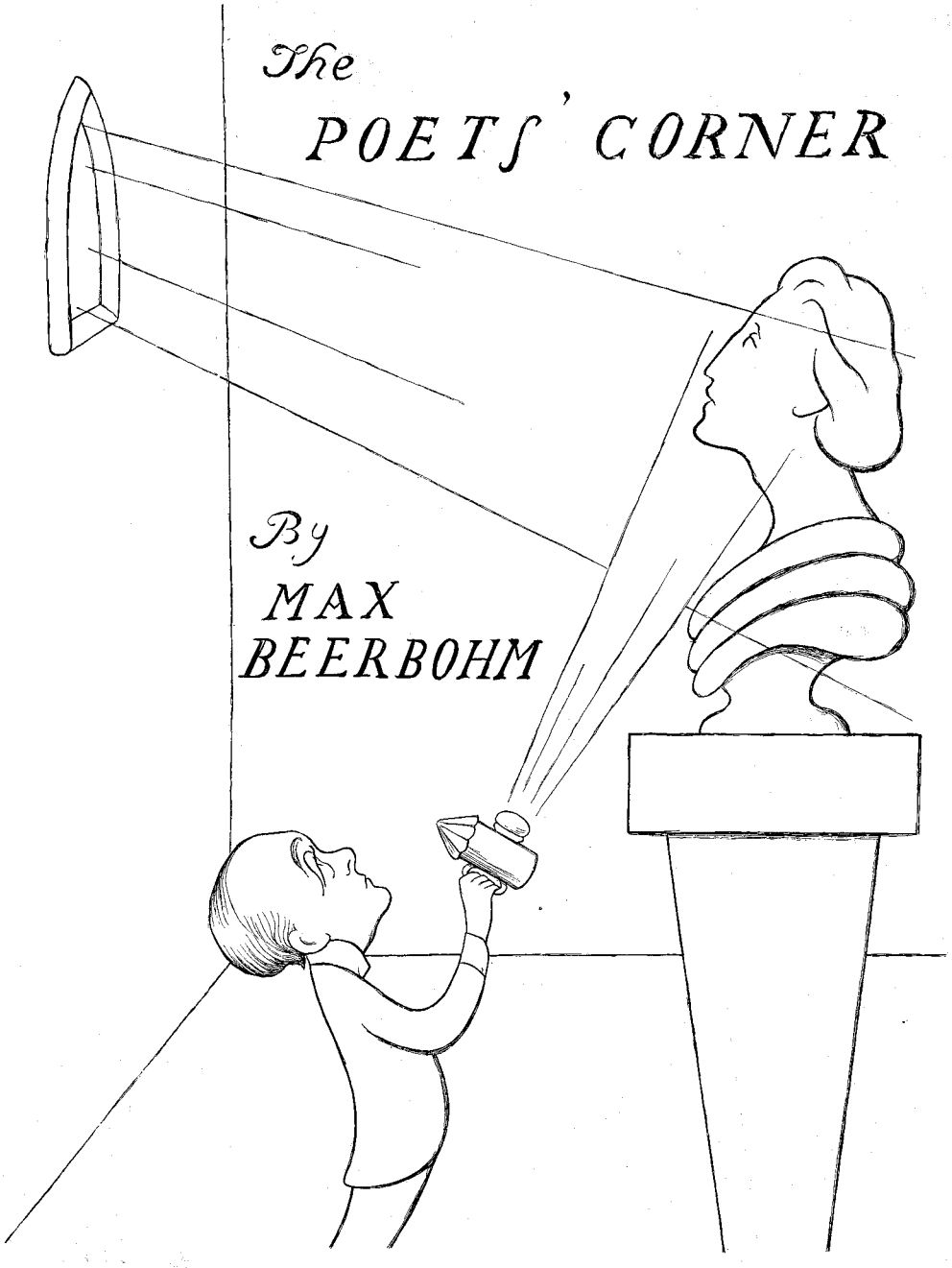

The cartoons on the following pages are from *The Poets' Corner*, a portfolio which is to be issued in this country early in the autumn. In our opinion, they far surpass anything that has hitherto been done in the way of literary caricature. [THE EDITORS OF THE BOOKMAN.]

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WALT WHITMAN INCITING THE BIRD OF FREEDOM TO SOAR.

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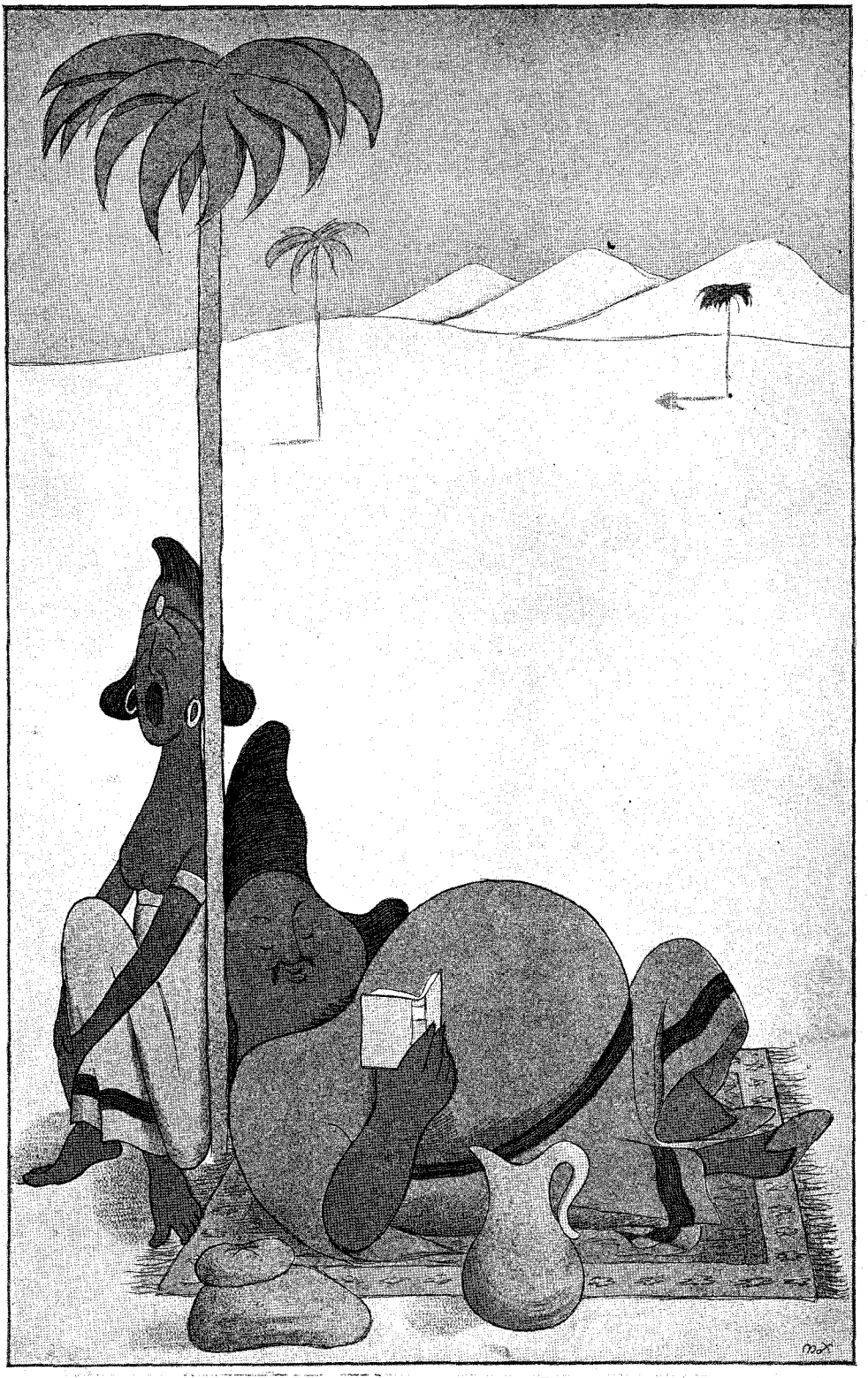

"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness,
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow."

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MR. ROBERT BROWNING TAKING TEA WITH THE BROWNING SOCIETY.

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DANTE GABRIEL ROSETTI IN HIS BACK GARDEN.

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MR. RUDYARD KIPLING TAKES A BLOOMIN' DAY OFF ON THE BLARSTED EARTH, ALONG WITH BRITANNIA 'IS GURL.

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"WHEN 'OMER SMOTE 'IS BLOOMIN' LYRE."

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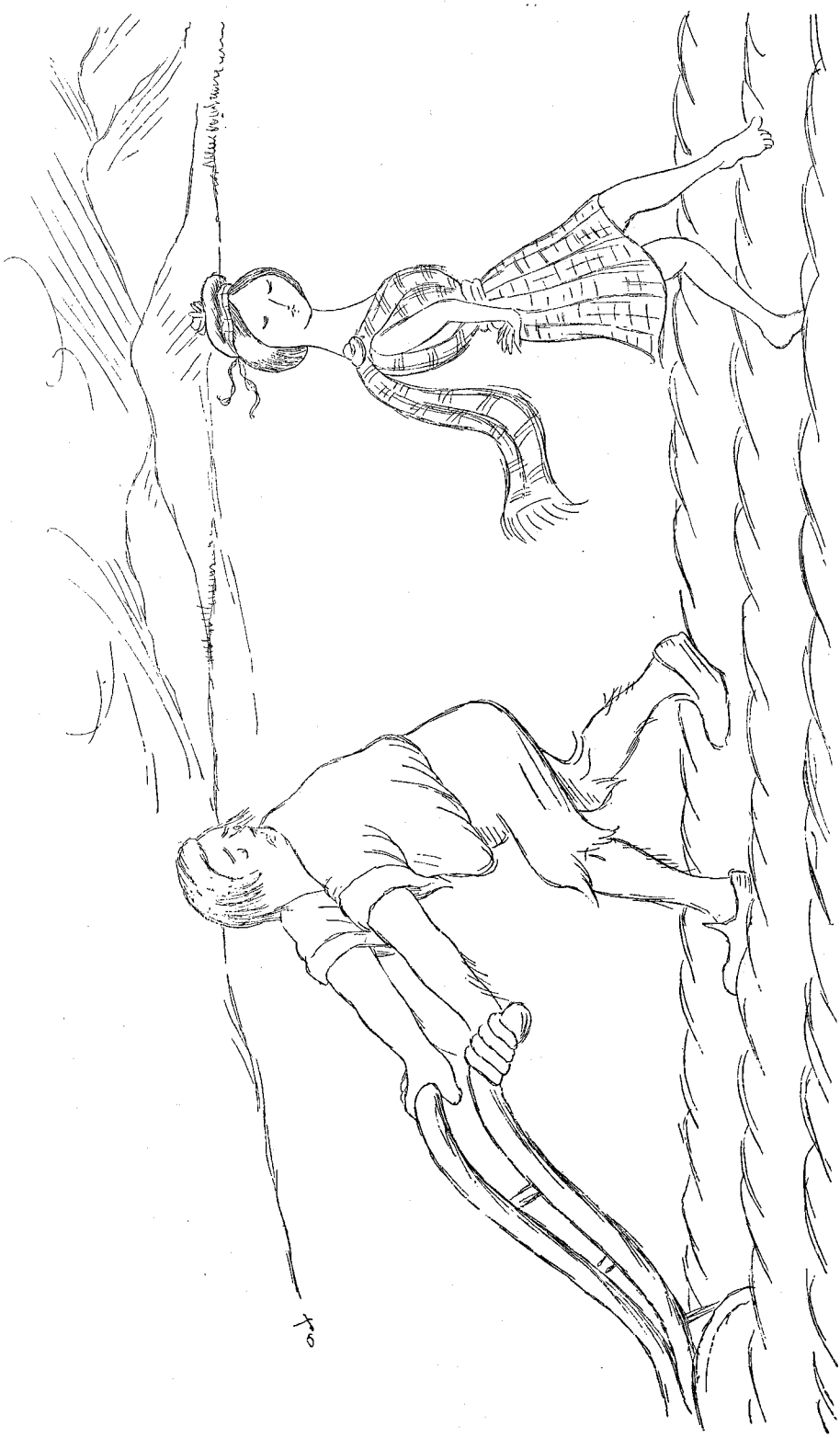

ROBERT BURNS, AT THE PLOUGH, LOOKS BACK AT HIGHLAND MARY.

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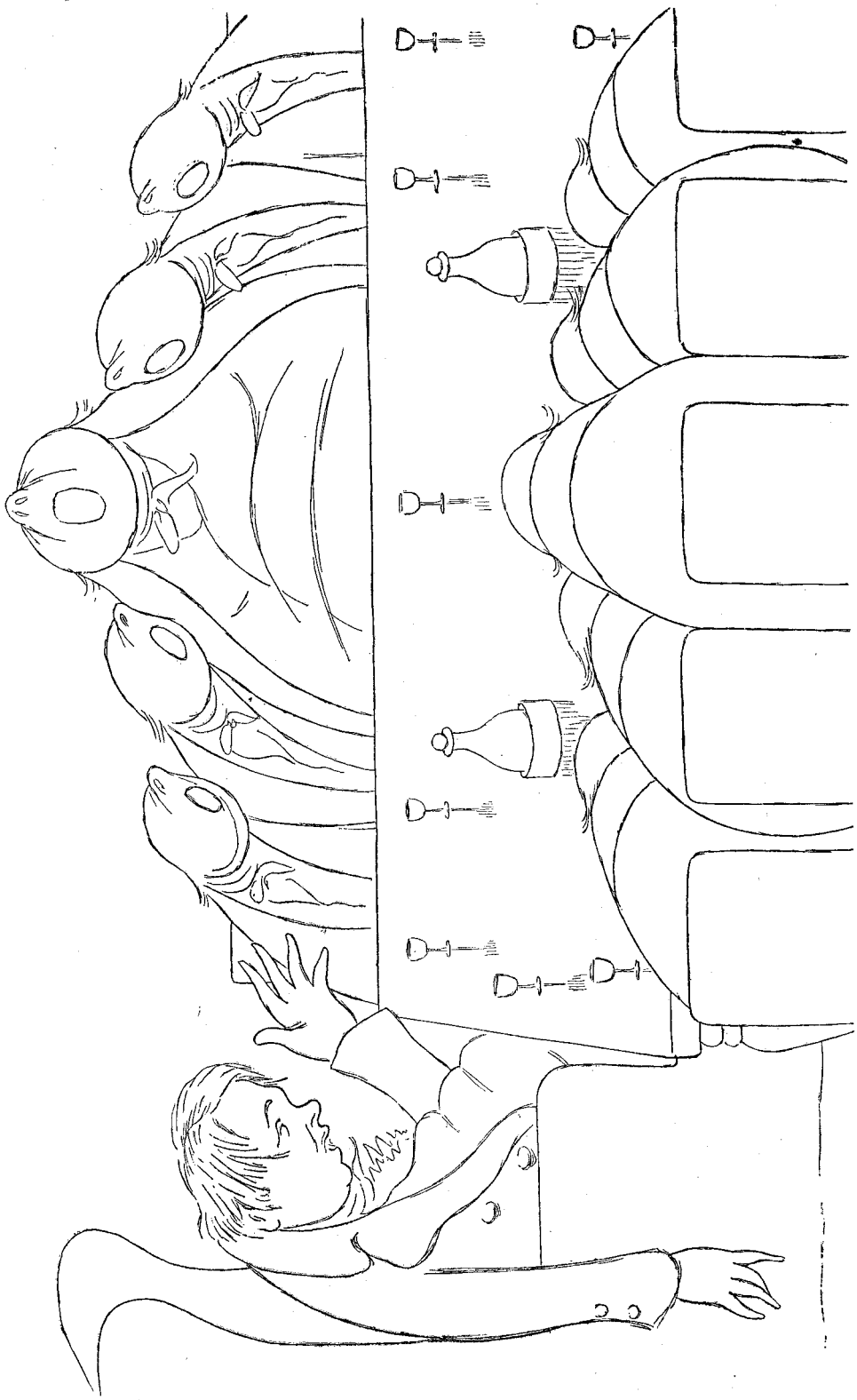

COLERIDGE TABLE-TALKING.

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The Who's Whosiers

Some time ago such of us great ones of the earth as are mentioned in *Who's Who* received a letter from a fellow inmate proposing to organise us into a glittering company on the strength of that distinction. It was to include also the subjects of the English *Who's Who,* and so bind the two countries together by a sort of fellowship in glory. We are powerful men, as is evident from our biographies, and at the first threat of war our whole might would be put forth against it, for who would strike a brother in *Who's Who?* The only outward sign of enrollment was to be a badge or a button, a mere modest button, and that is probably the reason why the plan did not succeed, for many desired a complete uniform, and we, for our part, stuck out rather obstinately for plumes. At all events, nothing seems to have come of it, and you cannot tell a Who's Whosier from the common citizen, except, perhaps, by something kingly in his mien. So fades the dream.

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This is only one of many compliments that have recently been paid the editors. Again and again it has been assumed that notice in *Who's Who* marks a definite stage of relative importance. It is said with an air of significance that there is such and such a proportion of lawyers, writers, clergymen, college teachers, doctors, politicians, or business men in *Who's Who,* as if it measured the chance of eminence in each calling. We learn that though 12,054,335 of us Americans are without education, and only 325,613 have had a college training, not one of the former have got into *Who's Who,* while the college-bred biographies number 7,709, all on the quiet assumption that *Who's Who* is a standard of attainments or reputation. It must cause the editors no small astonishment, knowing as they do the utter inadequacy of the tools of contemporary biography. That four-fifths of the *Who's Who* names are those of college men is proof only of the restriction of its scope. All works on contemporary biography are necessarily class affairs and there is nothing more arbitrary than the usual reputation test. College men and writers go in because they are more easily caught. It is easy to go through a catalogue and pick out the full professors, yet many an alderman is more glorious. A second-rate novel that runs to a few thousand will get you in, but the government of a large city for ten years will not. Four towns may be named after you without giving you so good a chance as a monograph on Aryan philosophy. Not that we blame *Who's Who.* It is indispensable within its field, an excellent handbook for certain limited classes, but to read deep meanings into its statistics is to ignore completely the rules of the game.

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In England also there is a tendency to take the people in *Who's Who* a little too seriously, and Mr. Belloc has hit them off in the following:

"DONE INTO VERSE."

A Suggestion for a Rhymed "Who's Who."

KEANES, HERBERT. B. 1846. The son of Lady Jane O'Hone and Henry Keanes, Esq., of 328, St. James's Square, and "The Nook," Albury. *Clubs:* Beagles, Blues, Pitt, Palmerston, the Walnut Box, the Two-and-Two's, etc. *Education:* Private tuition, Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. Has sat for Putticombe, in Kent, 1885-1892. Nephew and heir of the Right Hon. the Earl of Ballycairn. *Occupation:* Literature, political work, management of estate, etc. Has written: "Problems of the Poor," "What, indeed, is Man?" "Flowers and Fruit" (a book of verse), "Is there a Clifford?" "The Future of Japan," "Musings by Killarney's Shore," "The Ethics of Jean-Paul," and "Nero." Is a strong Protectionist and a broad Churchman. *Recreations:* Social.

KEANES, HERBERT O'HONE.

There is a literary man
  Whose name is Herbert Keanes:
His coat is trimmed with astrachan.
  He lives on private means.

His house is in St. James's Square,
  Which he can well afford;
His head is bold, but has no hair.
  His uncle is a lord.

This uncle leaves him in his will
  New Croft and Hatton Strand,
Long Stokeby, Purling-on-the-Hill,
  And Upper Sandiland.

He is not dead—but when he dies
  This wealth will all accrue
(Unless the old Kafoozler lies),
  O, Herbert Keanes, to you!

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PARENTAGE—
The son—the son whom she alone
Could bear to such a sire:
The son of Lady Jane O'Hone
And Henry Keanes, Esquire.

EDUCATION—
First with a private tutor, then
At Eton, Herbert Keanes,
Like other strong, reposeful men,
Was moulded in his teens.

To subtle Dons he next would pay
His startling entrance-fee,
And was accepted, strange to say,
By those of Trinity!

Great Trinity, whereby the Cam
Its dreadful torrent rolls;
But there, I do not care a bit!
It might have been All Souls.

CLUBS—
His clubs are these: the Beagles, Blues,
Pitt, Palmerston, Riviere,
The Walnut Box, the Two-and-Two's,
Throgmorton's, Pot o' Beer.

CAREER—
Has sat for Putticombe, in Kent,
But lost the place he won
By boldly saying what he meant,
Though meaning he had none.

OCCUPATION—
Composes verse and prose, and shoots
And talks to other men
On politics; takes off his boots,
And puts them on again.

WORKS—
Has written "Problems of the Poor,"
"The Future of Japan,"
And "Musings by Killarney's Shore,"
And "What, indeed, is Man?"

And "Flowers and Fruit," a book of verse,
"The Ethics of Jean-Paul,"
"Is there a Clifford?" (rather worse),
And "Nero" (worst of all).

RECREATIONS, ETC.—
A strong Protectionist, believes
In Doctor Arnold's Heaven.
For recreation: dines, receives;
Unmarried, fifty-seven.

H. Belloc.

A Comedy of Errors

During the past month or two we have been reading in a rather desultory fashion, not for the purpose of making any formal criticisms, but just for entertainment. Incidentally, however, we jotted down some of the more or less interesting blunders of contemporary literature and journalism. Among these we found several illustrations of the importance of capital letters in either disguising or altering the meaning of a word. Thus, the cabled reports, relative to the English expedition to Thibet, said that Colonel Younghusband's command had been fired upon "by jingals from a jonge." None of the news editors in this country apparently had ever heard of a jingal before, while the word "jonge" was still more cryptic. So they let it go into their papers that the British had been attacked "by Jingals from Jong," and some of them even went so far as to comment upon the ferocity of these savage Jingals, while the geographical editors searched their biggest maps to find out just where the town of Jong was situated. Several poems were written on the subject, and then all of a sudden (probably after the English newspapers arrived) there came a great hush. Akin to this was the capitalisation of another cablegram which announced that Prince George of Greece had arrived off the coast of Crete and had landed "in Mufti." The *Post* of this city contributed another delicious example in speaking of the recovery of some stolen family jewels. "Among them," it said, "was a beautiful Mosaic necklace." The *Post's* Latin for some time past has been giving us pain. Not long ago, in its gossip column on the editorial page, it quoted from an English source an account of how Lord Randolph Churchill had once used the phrase *coram publico* in addressing the House of Commons, and how Sir William Vernon Harcourt had neatly scored upon Lord Randolph for not knowing that the proper phrase was *coram populo*. Only a few days after this, however, the *Post* in one of its most portentous editorials said that something had been done *coram publico*, which would seem to show that the *Post's* editorial writers do not read their own paper's gossip column. It was at about this time that the same sheet indulged in the expression *non siste viator*. Possibly the writer was trying to be Ovidian; but we are afraid that he was ignorant of the proper use of *ne*. Another linguistic curiosity we found in the much-read pamphlet entitled "Mr. Roosevelt and the Presidency," written

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by "A Spectator." This individual evidently has a fatal fondness for foreign phrases, since earlier in the pamphlet he spoke airily of *vis majeure*. Now we have heard of *vis major* which is very good Latin, and we have also heard of *force majeure* which is excellent old French; but the combination *vis majeure* was evidently made by one who thought that a Rooseveltian, like the Emperor Sigismund, was superior to the rules of language. Reading a back number of the English *Strand* we came upon an interesting story entitled "The Purple Terror"—a story all about Americans. One of the characters was described as "a West Point naval dandy," and this amphibious description was justified a little later when the West Point naval dandy's superior officer ordered him to go from Puerto Rico to Cuba on foot—"a two days' journey through the wilderness." A war correspondent of the New York *World* has furnished this beautiful specimen of the Retained Object: "The Japanese soldiers are well fed, and they are being issued eggs and chickens daily,"—which at first sight appears to mean that the Japanese soldiers are undergoing a diurnal transformation into poultry. Perhaps this is a good place to stop, though we could continue for several pages more.

Chromos and Lithographs

Our controversy with Mr. Irving Bacheller seems likely to continue until the death of one or both of us. We have received the following letter from Mr. Bacheller continuing the subject which was first taken up in our review of *Darrel* just a year ago, which was tossed lightly about by Dr. Richard Burton at a later date, and upon which Mr. Bacheller and ourselves have now finally come to grips. Here is his letter.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

Dear Sirs: In the cause of fairness and accurate criticism, I now ask you to favor me with some authority for the distinction you make, in the last issue of THE BOOKMAN, between "chromos" and "chromo-lithographs." To be frank, you are wrong, and your reply to my letter is unjust to me and to your readers and I am sure you will not close the matter until you have set us right.

As a matter of fact, "chromo" and "chromo-lithograph" mean one and the same thing. On that point there is no dissent among authorities. The best of them are quoted below:

The *Century Dictionary* says: "Chromo—An abbreviation of chromo-lithograph."

The *Standard Dictionary* says: "Chromo—A chromo-lithograph."

The *New English Dictionary* says: "Chromo—A colloquial shortening of chromo-lithograph."

Please, therefore, disprove these authorities or remove the stigma which now rests upon me as a result of your charge of inaccuracy in *Darrel*. Sincerely yours,

IRVING BACHELLER.

It gives us very great pleasure to answer Mr. Bacheller who has, we fear, mistaken the drift of our original criticism. With his permission we will employ an illustration to make the whole matter more intelligible. More than a hundred years ago the word "telegraph" was in use and was applied to any means for rapidly transmitting news, as for instance, by beacon fires, by signalling, and by the semaphore. When Morse's invention was perfected the name "telegraph" came to mean only the electric telegraph. At the same time the word "telegram" was coined as a name for any message sent over the wires by electricity. Now if Mr. Bacheller had represented Darrel (say in 1820) as receiving a message by "telegraph" he would not have been guilty of an anachronism for the word was actually then in use; but if he had spoken of Darrel as receiving a "telegram" he *would* have been guilty of an anachronism, because that word has always been restricted to a message sent by the electric telegraph. A blunder of this sort is the one which Mr. Bacheller did actually commit when he described Darrel's workshop (about the year 1835) as decorated with "chromos," and for the following reason. Chromo-lithography in a very crude form was in vogue long before Darrel's time. Cheap coloured pictures then made by this process were known either in full as "chromo-lithographs," or more commonly, as "lithographs." They were never known as "chromos." About 1867, greatly improved processes of chromo-lithography were perfected and applied to art work with excellent results, in this country chiefly by Messrs. L. Prang and Company, of Boston. To distinguish these

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artistic products of lithography from the tawdry old prints of Darrel's time, the word "chromo" was applied to them and to them exclusively. Consequently, Darrel's workshop, about the year 1835, could not have contained "chromos" any more than Darrel himself could at that time have received a "telegram." Frankly then, we think that Mr. Bacheller is wrong; and if he does not think so too, then let him confound us by producing any instance of the use of the word "chromo," *tout court,* during those decades in which Darrel lived and maundered. We beg to tender to Mr. Bacheller the assurance of our distinguished consideration.

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Candida Again

Last month we referred hopefully to certain signs that our New York audiences could appreciate a kind of play that had long been thought to be too good for them, citing the extraordinary success of *Candida* as a case in point. We added that the London audience was apparently no less barbarous than before. Since then *Candida* has been tried in London and an English writer on the stage comments sadly on the uselessness of presenting plays of this degree of merit. "The demeanour of the people," he says, "is enough to make the judicious grieve, to repel any artist from stage work, to sicken any actor of sensitive ability; roars of delight greet abject clowning; sniggers, giggles, and loud conversation are the accompaniment to any play worthy the epithet of serious. So it is with *Candida* at the Court Theatre; one blushes for one's neighbours and then for oneself at being there with such a crowd." Although it became the fashion with us, and, therefore, drew to it a number of people for whom it might as well have been played backwards, our audience as a whole was precisely the opposite of that which this critic describes. It would be a very superior being who could find fault with the shrewd, alert, sympathetic audiences that it drew in New York.

Caviar and the Crowd

We are always girding at the public and ever since Le Bon wrote his books on the crowd critics have dabbled a little in mob psychology. Recent books on the theatre abound in warnings as to overshooting the general intelligence. Mr. Walkley lectures before the Royal Academy and shows how everything must be made as plain as a pikestaff. We have grown fatalistic in regard to the crowd, and say this will not do because it is too special and refined, and that because it lacks the "universal appeal," and the other thing because it is not what might have been expected. It is a temper that discourages experiments, and it overlooks the fact that in our public at least there is a vein of something like Athenian curiosity, which it may be worth while to work. We think a play like *Candida* is just for you and me and very snug we feel on our little eminence, and suddenly, like the hero of Balaklava, we realise that there are a good many of us after all.

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Romance of Debate

We own to a weakness for the swellings and flappings of genuine campaign oratory, and now that the great conflict draws near, have begun again to collect the more sonorous passages from newspapers and magazines. The following, delivered with intense emotion at a recent State convention, is a foretaste of joys to come:

> Where is the Democrat whose cheek has not burned with anger or whose head has not hung with shame, as he reads or listens to words of vituperative vilification, libel, and slander bandied between warring factions, whether they be of Hearst, Parker, Cleveland, Bryan, or otherwise? We want the yeoman service of Parker and his friends in the coming campaign; we want the energy and dash of Hearst and his friends in the coming battle; we want the oratory of Bryan and Cockran; the political management of Hill and Gorman, and the mature judgment of Cleveland in the impending struggle. Democrats, let us here resolve that by the aid of Cleveland, Bryan, Hill, Gorman, Parker, Hearst, Johnson, McLean, without reference to previous conditions of political belief, financial doctrines, or tariff dogma, Republican misrule shall cease and that the rascals in high and low places shall be turned out, and that a government of, for, and by the people be restored.

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All are Achæans to this Homeric heart, the flashing Hearst and yeoman Parker, high-thinking Cleveland, and loophole-finding Hill, all kinsmen, though, alas, so vituperatively vilificant. Irrespective of party, we swear that this is eloquence—we swear it on McGuffey's Fifth Reader—and as true a native product of the country as a woodchuck, a nasal accent, a Mormon, or an apple pie.

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Taking a merely literary view of these matters can surely do no harm, if your heart is in the right place, sound on the tariff (for or against), and on the Philippines. Yet if one discusses the style he is thought to be lax in the principle. Any one who has been through a campaign on a newspaper knows the awful exigencies of solemnity. There are what may be called the romantics of debate. At such a time realism is not safe. There is need of a melodramatic foeman and a melodramatic friend, and lots of thunder and a blind eye to the humour of any situation and a deference to any form of words, however bulbous. Gems of buncombe that ought to be treasured in an album he will not even let himself enjoy. Even Mark Twain at such a time must regard Mr. McKinley as Captain Kidd and invite him to exchange the stars and stripes for the skull and crossbones. Yet if we exert sufficient self-control to preserve a sense of reality during these crises we may collect quaint and unearthly things enough (speaking, of course, from the literary point of view) to gladden our declining years.

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The Source of Monte Cristo

No source has been so much drawn upon for the purposes of fiction by French writers as the wonderfully rich archives of the Paris secret police. From the *dossiers* he found there Gaboriau builded almost all of his narratives of crime and its detection. Eugene Sue, Ponson du Terrail, and others used them freely and a recent story from Paris shows that it was there that the elder Dumas found the inspiration of *The Count of Monte Cristo*. The original of Edmund Dantes, according to this tale, was François Picaud, a journeyman cobbler, who in 1807 was betrothed to one Marguerite Vigoureux, who through Dumas's embellishments was transformed into the Mercedes of the romance. Like Dantes, Picaud, on the eve of his marriage, was denounced as a spy by jealous rivals and thrown secretly into prison where he remained for seven years. During his incarceration, he acted as servant to a rich Milanese ecclesiastic, who suggested the Abbé Faria. The Churchman treated Picaud like a son, and dying in prison he bequeathed to him seven million francs on deposit in the Bank of Amsterdam, and told him of a hiding place in Italy where diamonds to the value of twelve hundred thousand francs, and three millions of specie consisting of English guineas, French louis d'or, Spanish quadruples, Venetian florins, and ducats of Milan, were concealed.

* * * * * * *

When Picaud, who had been imprisoned under the name of Joseph Lucher, was freed after the fall of the Empire in 1814, he gathered together the treasure bequeathed to him and began to build plans for vengeance on the men who had been the cause of his undoing. Their names he did not know, but, disguised as an Italian priest, he found the least guilty of the conspirators and by means of the same story of the diamond which Dumas used in Monte Cristo elicited from him all the details of the plot. Loupain, the prime mover in the denouncement of seven years before, the original of Fernand, had married Marguerite, prospered, and was the owner of one of the best equipped cafés in Paris. Unlike Dumas's hero, who set all Paris wild with curiosity by his Oriental extravagance, Picaud went to work humbly. He sought and obtained employment as a waiter in Loupain's café where, as fellow-servants, were Gervais Chaubard and Guilhem Solari, the two men who with Loupain were responsible for his years of suffering. Soon disaster began to fall upon the conspirators. One day Chaubard disappeared and his body, pierced by a poignard, was found on the Pont des Arts. Loupain's family was disgraced. He himself was reduced to poverty and was finally stabbed to death by a masked man in the garden of the Tuileries. Solari

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died in frightful convulsions from poison. Vengeance was consummated, but retribution was about to fall upon the head of Picaud, a retribution which took the form of the peculiar punishment meted out to Danglars in the romance.

* * * * * * *

When he was leaving the Tuileries garden, after the assassination of Loupain, Picaud was seized and carried away to an abandoned quarry. There in the darkness his captor said, "Well, Picaud, what name are you passing under now? Are you still the priest Baldini, or the waiter, Prosper? In your desire for vengeance, you have sold yourself to the devil. Ten years have been devoted to the pursuit of three creatures you should have spared. Me you have dragged down to perdition. The diamond by which you bribed me was my undoing. I killed him who cheated me. I was arrested, condemned to the galleys, and for years dragged the ball and chain. Making my escape, my one thought was to reach and punish the priest Baldini. You are in my power. Do you recognise me! I am Antoine Allut. How much will you pay for bread and water?"

"I have no money."

"You have sixteen millions," replied the captor, who went on to enumerate with overwhelming accuracy the list of his victim's investments. "These are my conditions. I will give you something to eat twice a day, but for each meal you must pay me twenty-five thousand francs."

The prisoner's cupidity proved stronger than his hunger. He underwent such acute suffering without yielding that his captor saw that he had gone too far, and at last aroused to fury by this persistent obstinacy, he threw himself upon Picaud and stabbed him to death.

Joseph Conrad's Home

Mr. Joseph Conrad, who was born in Poland, who began his career as a seafaring man in the French marine service, who has knocked about through nearly all of the travelled waters of the globe, and who of late years has been writing some

PENT FARM.
Joseph Conrad's Home.

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very stunning stories based on his experiences, lives in these days of his prosperity in Kent in a house which he calls

FLORENCE WILKINSON.

"Pent Farm." "Pent Farm" is only a few miles from Rye and Winchelshea, two of the famous Five Ports on the English Channel. In a picturesque side street of Rye, Henry James lives, and near the queer, old, ivy-covered gateway of Winchelshea is Ellen Terry's little four-room cottage. Within a few miles of "Pent Farm" is "Maythem Hall," Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's English home; and not much farther away is "Frogmall Farm," where Madame E. Maria Albanesi, the author of *Susannah and One Other* lives. Stephen Crane also lived in this same vicinity during the last years of his life.

❦

Florence Wilkinson

Miss Florence Wilkinson's "David of Bethlehem" which, with "Mary Magdalen," composes the volume which has just been published under the title *Two Plays of Israel,* is we are told the first of the recent dramas dealing with that theme. She has been engaged upon its construction during several years. The play was bought three years ago by Mr. E. H. Sothern, but has not yet been produced. By an odd coincidence, Miss Wilkinson crossed the Atlantic last summer on the same steamer and in the same party as Mr. Cale Young Rice, whom some people have been unkind enough to call "Mr. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and who himself is the author of a play about David. Mr. Rice's play is in verse, and Miss Wilkinson's in prose, and the manuscript of each was on the ship, a fact which furnished considerable amusement to the friends of the authors.

❦

Fanny Hardy Eckstorm

Mrs. Fanny Hardy Eckstorm, the author of *The Penobscot Man,* placed her novel on familiar ground for for generations her family has been Penobscot born. For seventy continuous years her grandfather and father were engaged in the fur trade. They bought and sold canoes, canoe barks, deerskins, mocassins, snowshoes, and all the products of the woods. Mrs. Eckstorm was brought up in this atmosphere, and to the home of her girlhood there came day by day a continual line of trappers, hunters, deer stalkers, lumbermen, sealers, river-drivers, white men and Indians. In those days she was

MRS. FANNY HARDY ECKSTORM.

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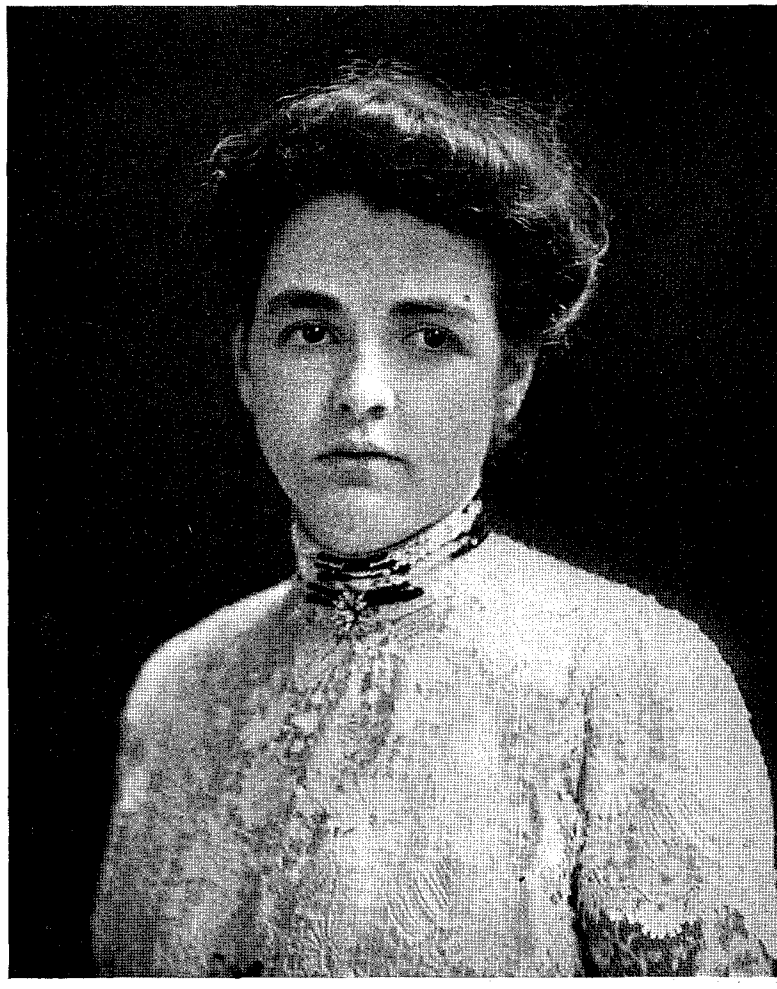
the "daughter of the regiment." More than twenty-five years ago she said that some day she was going to write a book about the rivermen and loggers. "When you have camped with a man," she says, "and run rough water and gone on short rations with him, and worked with him on hard carries, rain or shine, you get to know very nearly all there is in him, and usually you like him."

"Thou" and "You"

It is interesting to note among other contemporary evidences of linguistic carelessness, how the niceties of English are becoming totally obscured. The subjunctive mood simply does not exist for the great majority of modern writers, and we find that even the distinction between "thou" and "you" is unknown to many and ignored by more. In the poems that are sent to us for publication we find the authors passing quite unconsciously from "thou" to "you," it being next to impossible for them to maintain the stately style. The collocation "thou hath" is by no means uncommon, and plurality is sometimes definitely assumed for "thou." Thus Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy in a manifesto which she issued not long ago to Christian Scientists began it as follows:

"My Beloved *Brethren:* I have a secret to tell *thee* and a question to ask. Do *you* know how much I love *you?*"



MARGARET HORTON POTTER

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And, quite recently, Margaret Horton Potter's romance, *The Flame Gatherers*, is full of instances where "thou" and "you" are employed side by side as though there were no difference between them. The effect of this, of course, is to mar the force of the more strenuous passages, as, for instance, on page 119, where the Hindu princess, Ahalya, denounces the deceit of Ragunáth:

"Be still, *thou* shameless, treacherous, hateful one! I hate *you!*"

Possibly one ought not to expect too much in the way of exactness of language

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN.

from a seer like Mrs. Eddy or a popular novelist like Miss Potter. These may jumble "thou," "thee," "thy," and "thine" with "you," "your," and "yours" and still it may be significant of nothing. But one is entitled to feel very much surprised indeed when so accomplished a scholar and writer as President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California trips over the same stumbling block and forgets so elementary a law of English usage. In an article which he contributed some time ago to the *Atlantic Monthly*, he depicts Carnal Wisdom as addressing a young man in the following words:

"I pray *you*, my promising young man, embroil not *thyself* in the days of *thy* youth in those various combinations, etc., etc."

❧

Joseph C. Lincoln

Mr. Joseph C. Lincoln's *Cap'n Eri*, which has been greeted with the usual conventional phrases which have been indiscriminately applied to every novel suggesting the David Harum school, is, it must be said, far and away above what we have come to expect in a new book along this line of fiction. The average "B'gosh" novel has little or no merit; *Cap'n Eri* has considerable. Its author was born on February 13, 1870, in Brewster, Mass., a typical Cape Cod town, settled by the Pilgrims or their descendants soon after their landing at Plymouth. Twenty years ago it was the home of retired sea captains and ship owners, and all of Mr. Lincoln's early associations had to do with the sea.

❧

Ruskin's Letters

The letters of Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton in the *Atlantic Monthly* are on a very different footing from the things which admirers of certain great men are forever digging up. Many of them are in his most characteristic manner, and there is not one so far that is without interest or suggestiveness. They are spontaneous and hearty even when they are complaining, which they very often are. They are not like some recently published letters which Thackeray wrote in moments of reduced vitality. Ruskin could grumble that the world was all awry and at the same time perceive that his demands were somewhat exorbitant and he himself a trifle absurd. It was a very human kind of reformer who could write like this when he was in the blues:

"Indeed, I rather want good wishes now, for I am tormented by what I cannot get said nor done. I want to get all the Titians, Tintorets, Paul Veroneses, Turners, and Sir Joshuas in the world into one great fireproof Gothic gallery of marble and serpentine. I want to get them all perfectly engraved. I want to go and draw all the subjects of Turner's 19,000

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sketches in Switzerland and Italy, elaborated by myself. I want to get everybody a dinner who hasn't got one. I want to macadamise some new roads to Heaven with broken fools'-heads; I want to hang up some knaves out of the way, not that I've any dislike to them, but I think it would be wholesome for them, and for other people, and that they would make good crow's meat. I want to play all day long and arrange my cabinet with new white wool; I want somebody to amuse me when I'm tired; I want Turner's pictures not to fade. I want to be able to draw clouds, and to understand how they go—and I can't make them stand still, nor understand them—they all go sideways. . . . Farther, I want to make the Italians industrious, the Americans quiet, the Swiss romantic, the Roman Catholics rational, and the English Parliament honest—and I can't do anything and don't understand what I was born for."

George Sand

It would be idle to deny that in the celebration of the literary centennary which has become very popular of recent years there is a good deal of humbug. For instance, the fact that Madame Amantine Lucile Aurore Dudevant, bet-

ARTHUR HENRY, author of "The House in the Woods."

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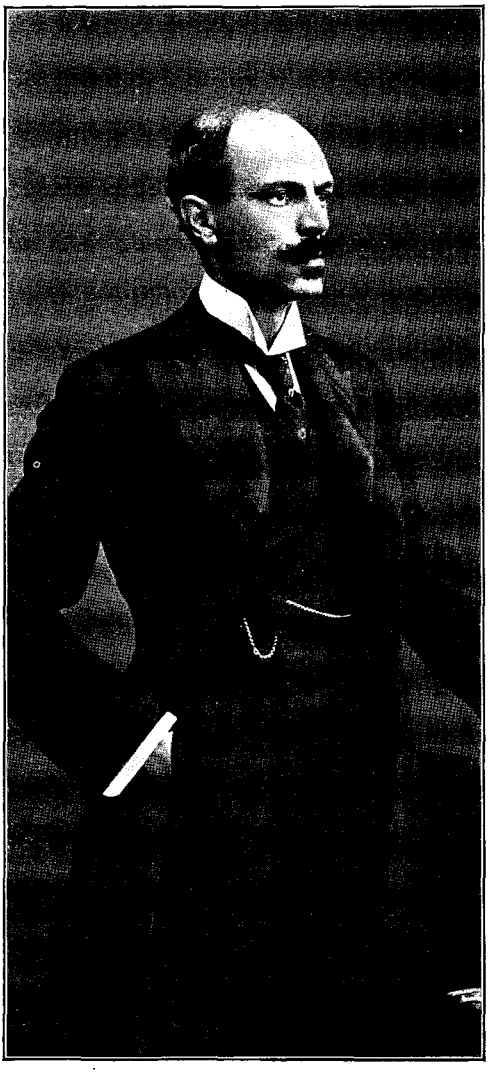
ter known as George Sand, was born in Paris one hundred years ago this month, enables a great many periodicals to print articles about her life and her work, just as if she were the writer of the latest novel that had passed the hundred thousandth mark. This in itself is unquestionably a very good thing. But the fact itself does not in any way mean that we have all of us suddenly developed a new fondness for George Sand, or that the reading public throughout the country is engaged in devouring *Indiana, Valentine, Lelia,* and *Jacques.* To be perfectly honest about the matter is to say that beyond possibly *Consuelo* and the *Countess of Rudolstadt,* the average well-read American of recent years has had little knowledge of George Sand's literary work. Even in France she no longer holds the place she held thirty or forty years ago, and when you find her name in a French periodical or journal, it is not the writer who is discussed, but the woman, her eccentricities and her amours. Her books are hardly reading for the *jeune fille,* and the Parisian *flaneur* has been so long fed on literary dishes of a spicier flavour that he has grown to look upon her as more or less insipid. Ask him point blank what he thinks of her and he will probably remember first of all that her teeth were badly discoloured from smoking strong cigars, and express his opinion that in her famous affair of the heart with Alfred de Musset one very likely was as much to blame as the other. To him the books she wrote will be an afterthought. Of the three or four great French literary geniuses of the second quarter of the century she has proved the least enduring.



MAURICE HEWLETT.
From his latest portrait

As is the case with the "Boz" of Dickens, the "Michael Angelo Titmarsh" of Thackeray, and the "Mark Twain" of Clemens, there is an anecdote connected with the pseudonym which Madame Dudevant assumed. Her first literary work was done in collaboration with Jules Sandeau. Utterly weary of the monotony of life with the man whose name she bore, she had taken the decisive step, broken away from all the family ties and gone to Paris with the vague hope of carving out for herself some sort of a career. There she met Sandeau, and together they agreed to write a novel. Before they could begin the work, however, Sandeau was obliged to make a trip to Italy, so, before his departure, it was planned that he should do one part and she the other. On his return, after an absence of many weeks, he asked her what she had accomplished. "I have finished my part," she replied, "and you, what have you done?" Thereupon he was obliged to confess that he had done absolutely nothing. "Very well," she said, "it makes no difference, because I have done your part also." "So much the better. What name shall we sign to it? Suppose you take mine." At this she de-

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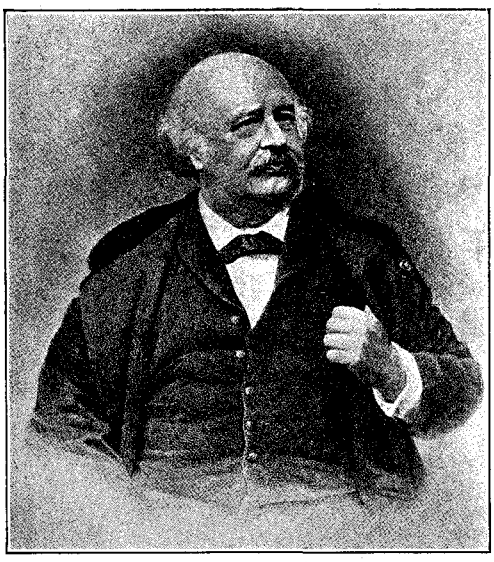
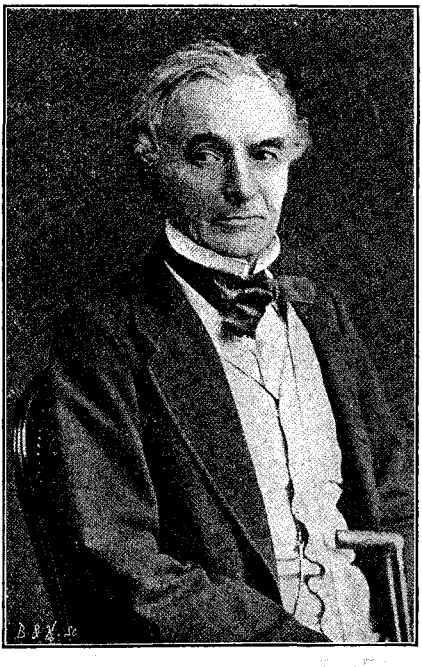


JULES SANDEAU.

CHOPIN.



PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.

FOUR MEN IN THE LIFE OF GEORGE SAND

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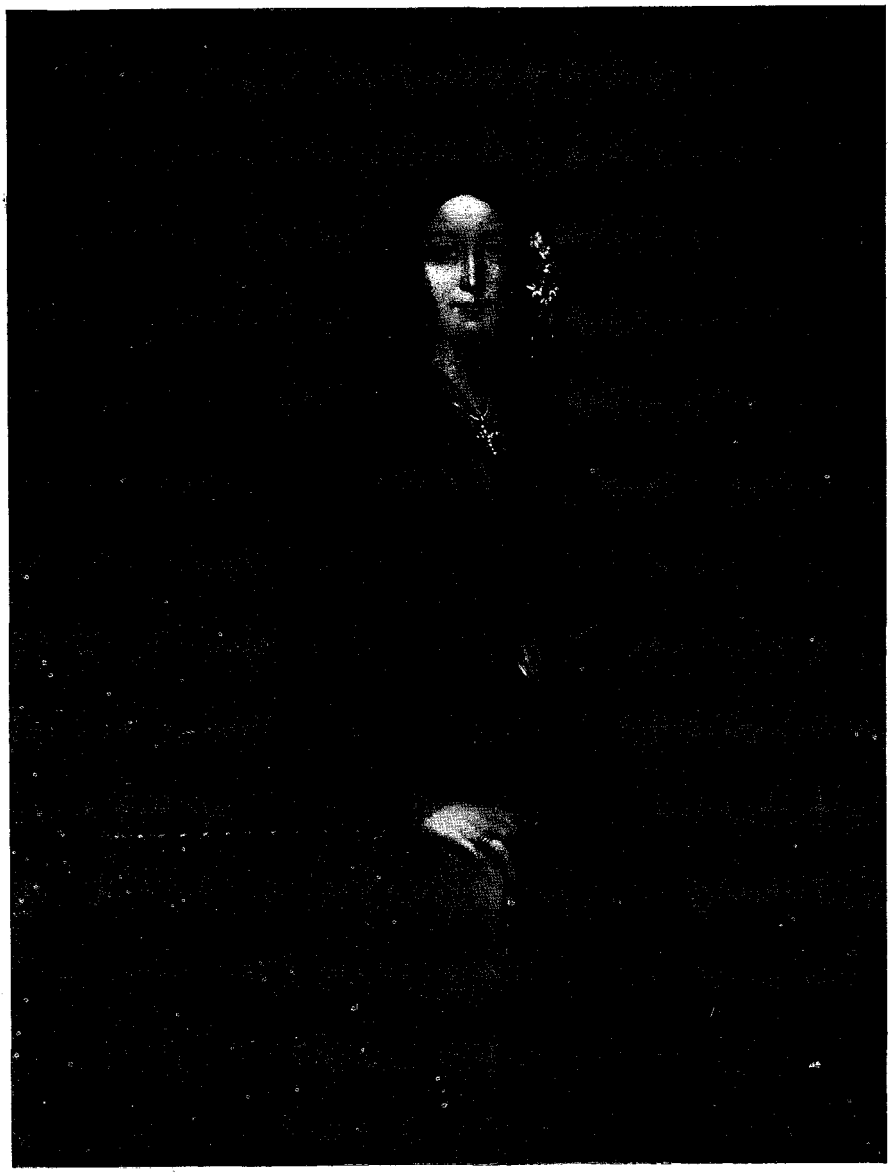
murred, finally agreeing to make use of the first half of his name. Then it was a question of a first name. "That is easily solved," said Sandeau, pointing up to the calendar, "to-day is St. George's day. Let us sign the novel George Sand."

As interesting a paper as was ever written about George Sand, showing as it does the light in which she was regarded by an unsympathetic contemporary, was Thackeray's "Madame Sand and the New Apocalypse." It was a time when men and women of letters in France were in the habit of taking themselves very much *au grand sérieux*, and when every new book was being hailed as the gospel of some political, religious, or social regeneration. This was the sort of thing that Thackeray, not always the most amiable of men, attacked with more savagery than justice and in his scarification of Madame Sand he maliciously discussed



GEORGE SAND.

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her typical heroine in such a manner as to make an absolutely perfect portrait of the woman herself. "The Parisian philosopher," he says, "will attempt to explain to you the changes through which Madame Sand's mind has passed—the initiatory trials, labours, and sufferings which she has had to go through—before she reached her present happy state of mental illumination. She teaches her wisdom in parables, that are, mostly, a couple of volumes long; and began first by an eloquent attack on marriage, in the charming novel of *Indiana*. 'Pity,' cried she, 'for the poor woman who, united to a being whose brute force makes him her superior, should venture to break the bondage which is imposed on her, and allow her heart to be free.' To support this claim of pity, she writes two volumes of the most exquisite prose. What a tender, suffering creature is Indiana; how little her husband appreciates that gentleness which he is crushing by his tyranny and brutal scorn; how natural it is that, in the absence of his sympathy, she, poor, clinging, confiding creature, should seek elsewhere for shelter; how captious we should be to call criminal—to visit with too heavy a censure—an act which is one of the natural impulses of a tender heart, that seeks but for a worthy object to love. But why attempt to tell the tale of Beautiful Indiana? Madame Sand has written it so well that not the hardest-hearted husband in Christendom can fail to be touched by her sorrows, though he may refuse to listen to her argument." Of her style, however, Thackeray could not say too much. He called it noble, a strange tongue, beautifully rich and pure. "She leaves you at the end of one of her brief, rich, melancholy sentences, with plenty of food for future cogitation. I can't express to you the charm of them; they seem to me like the sound of country bells—provoking I don't know what musing and meditation, and falling sweetly and sadly on the ear."

GEORGE SAND.

ONE can compare George Sand with George Eliot if one chooses, and the comparison may be useful for the purposes of this article; but the true parallel is with Madame de Staël.

George Eliot's attitude towards the code which she transgressed was always deferential. She had not the courage of her irregularities, and never brought theory quite into line with practice. One never feels quite sure whether her guiding maxim was "Video meliora proboque," or "Circumstances alter cases." In the case of George Sand and Madame de Staël one is not left in any corresponding doubt. They neither disapproved of themselves nor claimed the benefit of a special dispensation as the reward of genius. They not only revolted but raised the banner of revolt, asserting the right of women to "live their own lives," long before that phrase came to be adopted as the badge of advanced feminism. The puritan's "sense of sin" troubled their consciences as little as it impeded their actions. They hardly doubted—George Sand certainly did not doubt at all—that God was on their side, and actively sympathetic with their extra-conjugal amours. Their writings were a running commentary on their lives, and their lives a running commentary on their writings. They have their place in the history of sentiment, if not of thought, as well as in the history of literature. As the champions of a cause they will continue to be interesting to read about long after they have ceased to be interesting to read.

Of course there were differences between them; and insistence on the differences may be as good a method as another of making the picture of George Sand stand out distinctly.

The first difference is that Madame de Staël was in "Society," whereas George Sand was not. This made things easier for the former lady. She had no need to change her environment in order to revolt, and no temptation to descend to eccentricities. She was far too important to become "déclassée" through her conduct in that complaisant age. It was

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such a simple matter for her to "live her own life" in the circle in which she had always been accustomed to move that it would never have been suspected that her proceedings were in any sense deliberate, or bore any relation to theory, if she had not poured out her soul on paper, and set forth the doctrine that, while the best thing of all was to find happiness in marriage, the next best thing was to find happiness in love.

George Sand, on the other hand, was a young woman from the country, with no more opportunities for "living her own life" than the average clergyman's daughter in a remote rural rectory. She pined in vain for the social and intellectual enjoyments in the midst of which her prototype had grown up. At first, it would seem, the desire for them, even if conscious, was not acute. She was married, and was devoted to her children. But she was also bored, and boredom is cumulative in its effects. For a time she was sustained by the calm platonic friendship of a lawyer; but the longing for a larger life, and for more palpitating emotions grew upon her. The longing was stimulated by the misconduct of her husband, who got drunk, and made love to the maid servants. So the crisis came, and she decided to "kick over the traces," and plunge into Bohemia. To understand her, it is necessary to realise that she did this, not under the influence of sudden passion, but, so to say, "on general principles."

In the second place, it is necessary to bear in mind that there were traces which she was absolutely obliged to kick over before the freedom which she desired could be attained. She knew that, and acted accordingly, going so far as to pay farewell calls at the houses of her "bourgeois" friends before definitely passing over to Bohemia, where alone the living of her own life was possible to her. There was, in short, a definite crossing of the Rubicon, with a definite campaign in view; and, having crossed that dividing stream, George Sand proceeded to live her own life with a thoroughness that no other woman of letters has ever equalled. She dressed herself in male attire and smoked cigars; she smoked them not only in smoking-rooms but in drawing-rooms. She regarded her favours as her own to bestow where she chose; and she bestowed them so freely and, above all, so publicly, that the literature of her amours is like the literature of the Dreyfus case for magnitude.

That is one difference between George Sand and Madame de Staël. There is another.

In the affairs of the heart Madame de Staël was more often the pursuer than the pursued, and endured, on the whole, more suffering than she inflicted. M. de Narbonne, says Madame Récamier, "treated her very badly as successful men too often do." Camille Jordan, invited to travel with her in Italy "as an act of charity to one whose soul is cruelly wounded," declined the invitation. Benjamin Constant actually ran away from her that he might get married without her knowledge. So that it was not without reason that she wrote, at the time when her renown was at its zenith, that "Fame is for women only a splendid mourning for happiness."

Quite other is the impression derived from the contemplation of George Sand's career. It suggests the harmonies of a triumphant wedding march—a wedding march that is not the less triumphant because, while the bride is always the same, the bridegrooms are continually changing.

By all the rules, George Sand ought to have been unattractive. She was a blue stocking; she was mannish; her complexion was ruined, and her teeth were discoloured by the smoking of the cigars already mentioned. But these are matters in which one has to judge not by rules but by results; and the results, in this case, were dazzling. Only once in the course of a long series of experiences did George Sand lay siege to a heart that was coated with triple brass; and then she withdrew indignantly from the assault before she had time to suffer. Prosper Mérimée regarded her as an adventuress. She has recorded her complaint that he did not take her seriously. "Take him back," she wrote to Sainte-Beuve, who had introduced him; and the incident was closed. It was "foolishness," she wrote; but it was her pride and not her heart that was wounded by the failure. It left no enduring trace. In a few weeks she had lived it down.

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And, in her other love affairs, both anterior and subsequent, it was always with her that the victory rested.

In a fit of melancholy introspection she once said that her heart was a cemetery—to which her interlocutor is reported to have replied that it was a necropolis; and if the intention was to imply that her lovers were also her victims—and that there were many of them—the simile was reasonably well chosen. It might be added that her heart also resembled a cemetery in that the burials did not impede the verdure. It was a heart that was always young in spite of the stress of its emotions; whereas the hearts of the men on whom she lavished those emotions always—with the one exception mentioned—emerged damaged and bruised, if not actually broken. Even when they technically "treated her badly"—and she represents herself as having been treated badly by nearly all of them—the result in this respect was the same.

Jules Sandeau treated George Sand badly. The day came when she discovered that she had a rival in the washerwoman. She quitted him with affectionate "compassion," packing up his belongings and sending them to the house of a mutual friend, and declining even a farewell interview. But, even so, it was her heart that recovered first; and it is doubtful whether his heart ever recovered at all. At all events, "La Grande Encyclopédie" records that he mourned for her to the end of his days; and it seems to be established that, long afterwards, when he was an Academician, he bore sufficient rancour to vote against a proposal that the Academy should award her a literary prize of twenty thousand francs. And she meanwhile had put the memory away, and loved Alfred de Musset, and Dr. Pagello, and Michel de Bourges, and Chopin, and many others.

Alfred de Musset also treated her badly. He was unfaithful to her in the course of the famous honeymoon at Venice; and he also, by his dissipations, obliged her to nurse him through an attack of delirium tremens. But here again it was he and not she who suffered. He could not live without her, though he had to try; but she could perfectly well live without him. Retiring, he wrote her reams of pathetic letters; and she meanwhile had set up housekeeping with the physician who had attended the poet in his illness. She dragged that physician after her to Paris, and then tired of him, and left him there—the laughing stock of the Parisians—while she went down to Nohant to see her children. The doctor sought consolation by walking the hospitals, and making himself an expert in lithotrity. George Sand needed no consolation. She returned temporarily to Alfred de Musset, parted from the poet a second time, to his great and permanent distress, was able to love, and to be loved by, Michel de Bourges, who was to be succeeded in his turn by Chopin, who, after having been dismissed by her, called out on his death-bed that he wanted to die in no arms but hers. Truly this is a life of which one may fairly say that it was lived to the melody of the wedding march.

To an English critic, however, the distinctive note of the story is the deliberation and aggressive publicity of all these unconventional proceedings. In an analogous picture of English or American life, one always has a glimpse in the background of vice paying homage to virtue. George Eliot, for example, would appear to have paid that homage, not only when she wrote her extremely moral novels, but also when she usurped another woman's name and called herself Mrs. Lewes instead of Miss Evans. That is the English way of doing things; and the doing of them is generally complicated by some agonising wonder whether certain other ladies who are better entitled to the names they bear can be induced to overlook the irregularity of the position and "call." Such tremulous hesitancy is unusual in France; and George Sand was singularly free from it even for a Frenchwoman. As we have seen, she crossed the Rubicon, and burnt her boats and bridges, and left P. P. C. cards on all the ladies of her acquaintance whom she thought likely to disapprove of her new departure. Nor was that all. She also preached what she practised—a thing which the Anglo-Saxon usually finds not less difficult than practising what he preaches—and discussed her love affairs with her friends as openly

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as other people discuss the weather or the state of their health.

One finds a splendid illustration of George Sand's open-hearted candour in a letter which she wrote to dispose of a rumour that the pianist Liszt enjoyed the place of honour in her affections. "Liszt," she rejoined, "thinks only of God and the Virgin Mary—whom I do not precisely resemble. Good and fortunate young man!" But her confidences were positive as well as negative. They began at the beginning of her career, and they continued until the end. There was as little mystery about her liaisons as if they had been royal marriages. She assumed that they were matters of public interest and importance. The presence of her children never embarrassed her in the conduct of them, even when they had grown up to years of indiscretion. She negotiated them—and especially negotiated the conclusion of them—through ambassadors; and reported progress without reticence, from time to time.

The rupture with Jules Sandeau was negotiated through Emile Regnault. "I will pack up Jules' things and send them to you, for I desire to have no interview with him on his return. . . . I have been too profoundly hurt by the discoveries that I have made as to his conduct to feel any other sentiment for him than an affectionate compassion. Tell him, etc. . . ."

In the case of Prosper Mérimée, the intermediary was Sainte-Beuve. Her succinct note to the critic: "Vous me l'avez prête; je vous le rends," is famous, if not authentic. Absolutely authentic, if less famous, is the report to Sainte-Beuve, first published in the "Revue de Paris" in 1896: "The experiment failed completely. My suffering, my disgust, my discouragement reduced me to tears. Instead of finding an affection capable of pitying and relieving me, I only found a bitter and frivolcus raillery. After this folly of mine, I was more depressed than ever, and, as you saw, very much disposed to suicide."

In the case of Alfred de Musset, the whole world was in George Sand's confidence from the poet's mother downwards. She actually called upon Madame de Musset to ask her permission to take her son for a honeymoon journey to Venice, and pleaded so successfully that the permission was accorded. When the breach comes, and de Musset and his successful rival, Dr. Pagello, have to receive their dismissals almost simultaneously, the confidants increase and multiply. Sainte-Beuve, as on the previous occasion, is to the fore. De Musset, in fact, writes to Sainte-Beuve, to complain that the critic only finds time to call upon him when he hears that he has quarrelled with his mistress; and George Sand, after enquiring of the critic what are the signs by which she may know whether she still loves de Musset or not, commissions him to implore her lover not to attempt to see her again. De Musset's friend, Tattet, also has his rôle. He is commissioned to give money to Pagello, and to pretend that it had been obtained by the sale of his pictures, which, as a matter of fact, had proved unsalable. Her son's tutor, Boucoiran, receives a double commission. He is to "deceive Alfred" with some excuse that she wishes to make for retiring to the country; and she further writes that she "confides and bequeaths to him Pagello—a most worthy man of his kind."

Similarly with the Chopin story. There are reams of letters about it. All the world is welcome to know that the rupture came because the pianist quarrelled with the novelist's son—also that the pianist "was not exclusive in the affection which he bestowed, though he expected exclusiveness in the affection which he received." But there are limits to a healthy curiosity for this sort of detail. We only need the details for the sake of the light which they throw upon George Sand's mental and moral attitude towards this side of life. Constitutionally incapable of believing that anything that she did was wrong, she differed from her great English parallel in this notable particular: that whereas George Eliot was a moralist in spite of the "faux ménage," George Sand made the "faux ménage" the starting point, or pivot, of her moral system. Her actions and her writings were two manifestations of a single energy. As has been said, she preached what she practised; and she preached it in about one hundred and twenty volumes, to say nothing of an autobiography and an immense correspondence.

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It is difficult, if not impossible, for a writer to be both voluminous and vital. George Sand wrote many books that made a noise, but no book that can really be said to live or to deserve to live. In two of the qualities which give permanent value to the written word, her work was lamentably lacking. She was not a penetrating observer of externals, and her grip of life was not intellectual but purely emotional. She worked with her heart, and not with her head, and wrote down not what she had thought out but what she felt; and that is always a dangerous practice for those who desire to include posterity in their public. For intellectual values are constant, whereas emotional values vary from one generation to the next. The sublime of to-day becomes the ridiculous of to-morrow—especially if the emotion is laid on with a trowel. George Sand is out of date for the same reason for which Chateaubriand is out of date—because the receptivity of the reading public is not what it was when she wrote. She commands our interest not as a creator but as a phenomenon—as the exaggerated type of an emotional epoch that has passed away.

Romanticism was the note of the age in which George Sand came to Paris. The romantic movement was in full swing in the thirties when she began to write; and it was not a literary movement only. There was going on a general ferment of ideas of which "Hugolatry" was the chief outward literary sign. Republicanism, and Saint Simonism, and the grotesque developments of Saint Simonism, were also mixed up with it. The attack was directed not only against classical forms in literature, but also against classical traditions of order in government and morals. There was therefore room for considerable diversity of interest and method within the ranks of the party of revolt. The rebels specialised according to their genius and inclinations. Where there was a general shaking off of shackles, each naturally devoted particular attention to the chains that, to him or her, seemed particularly galling.

Theoretically George Sand accepted the whole romantic programme of revolt. In literature she was, at any rate, to begin with, a Hugolater. There exist early letters in which she signs herself "George Sand: Hugolâtre." But her temperament made her carelessly spontaneous in matters of literary form, so that, on this side of romanticism, it is not Victor Hugo alone who towers above her like a giant. In politics, she was a Republican, and she served the Republican cause with her pen in 1848. But here again there were giants in the land, and a woman had little chance. Her political writings have not much more political significance than *Felix Holt*. They have a great deal less significance than *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. There remained, however, domestic life and the relations of the sexes. That was the side of the romantic movement that really went home to George Sand. She had herself suffered, and had revolted—first in thought and then in deed. Emotional by nature, she had found her way into a tangle of emotional perplexities; and she still had to write for her living at the time when the perplexities environed her. To write about herself and her personal problems was only to follow the line of least resistance. She followed it, justifying her life as she lived it, sometimes, as in *Elle et Lui*, actually telling her own story under a thin disguise, but always supporting particular escapades with emotional generalisations. She took love for her province, and, on that side, represented at once all that was most typical and all that was most exaggerated in the romantic movement.

One must insist that the generalisations are emotional and not intellectual. In so far as the novels conduct an argument, the method is purely deductive. Almost all of them could be cast in the form of a syllogism; and the major of all the syllogisms is the same. Love comes from God, and obedience to its dictates is a duty. Indiana, or Lelia, or whoever it may be, loved her lover. Therefore, she was right to be unfaithful to her husband, and he had no cause to complain of her conduct. That is the formula, continually restated with ingenious and pathetic variations.

It is a question, of course, how far the critic is justified in analysing the "argument" of a work of art. He is always liable, if he does such a thing, to

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hear himself reminded of the Senior Wrangler who condemned *Paradise Lost* on the ground that it did not "prove anything." But circumstances alter cases in criticism as in other matters. Milton, in spite of his announcement that he would "justify the ways of God to men" was not really trying to prove anything. George Sand, as obviously, was putting herself forward as the prophetess of a new moral code. She did deliberately proceed from premises to conclusions. Consequently one feels warranted in pointing out, not indeed that her premises do not contain her conclusions, but that, precisely because they prove so much, and prove it so easily, the premises are themselves the objects of a reasonable suspicion. The real point at issue is not whether the particular case is covered by the general proposition, but what is the evidence for the general proposition itself. If sexual anarchism is the ideal, then clearly Lelia or any other sexual anarchist merits our sympathy and even our applause. But what is the philosophic case for sexual anarchism? How are we to defend it without by implication simultaneously defending the anarchism of the man who, being hungry, steals, or being angry, kills? That is the ultimate problem, and George Sand does not face it. She does not even face the practical consequences of the anarchism which she advocates. As often as there is an awkward tangle, the god descends from the machine to cut the knot. Inconvenient children die; inconvenient husbands commit suicide. By these mechanical devices a happy ending is secured.

The fact is, of course, that George Sand's case reposes, not on a philosophic but on an emotional basis. The air was full of individualism, and she was by temperament an individualist. She took just as much individualism as appealed to her, and applied it both in her life and in her writings. She not only felt happy when she was living her own life, she felt good. There could be nothing wrong in emotions that made her feel good. They came unsought, and, coming, were uncontrollable. Therefore she was in the presence of a miracle worked by God. She did not pause to reflect that the divine origin of hatred might be demonstrated by an absolutely analogous train of reasoning. She is contented with her intuition, and she applies it with an unscrupulous consistency. The generalisation is as follows:

> The immense superiority of this sentiment over all others—*the proof of its divine origin*—lies in the fact that it is not born in a man's own heart, and that a man cannot dispose of it; that he cannot bestow it any more than he can withdraw it by an act of will; that the human heart receives it from on high, no doubt for the express purpose of conferring it upon the creature chosen for him among all others by the designs of heaven.

Of the particular application there are a crowd of examples. The following succeeds the passage just quoted at an interval of only a few lines:

> Had not a supreme Providence, which, in spite of man, is everywhere, presided over this union? Each of them was necessary to the other: Benedict to Valentine that he might instruct her in the emotions without which life is incomplete; Valentine to Benedict that she might bring repose and consolation into a tempestuous and tormented life. But there stood Society between them, rendering their choice absurd, guilty, impious. Providence has ordered things admirably, but men have destroyed the order. Which is to be held to blame?

Elsewhere it is Jacques exclaiming: "I have never troubled my imagination in trying to kindle or revive the sentiment which did not yet exist, or had become extinct. I have never imposed constancy upon myself as a duty. When I have felt love dying out, I have admitted the fact without remorse, and have obeyed the Providence that was attracting me elsewhere." And then again: "Say nothing against those two lovers," says Jacques to Sylvia. "They are not guilty, for they love. Where there is true love there is no crime." And then we find Jacques' wife betraying him, and saying to her lover: "O, my dear Octave, there shall never be a night when we will not kneel down together and pray for Jacques." And finally there is Jacques himself, whom the author advises to go and kill himself obscurely in order that his wife may enjoy her freedom, summing up the philosophy of the complicated situation thus:

> "I doubt not that marriage will be abolished if ever the human race makes any progress to-

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wards justice and reason. A tie more human, and not less sacred, will replace the marriage tie, and assure the existence of the children born to a man and a woman, without fettering the liberty of either of them. But men are too coarse and women are too cowardly to demand a law more noble than the iron rule which governs them. To beings devoid of conscience and virtue heavy chains are necessary."

The perusal of these passages—to which many others similar in tone could easily be added—supplies the answer to a good deal that has been written in defence of George Sand as a moralist—especially by writers who were introducing her works to English readers. It supplies the answer, for example, to Miss Bertha Thomas who protests that "the alleged hostility of her romances to marriage resolves itself into a declared hostility to the conventional system of matchmaking." The hostility to the French system of matchmaking is, in truth, not essential but incidental. The essential doctrine is that the obligations of love are paramount, over-riding all legal contracts, and all extra-legal promises. The only alternative to the view that George Sand preached sexual anarchism would be the view that she wrote simply as a literary artist and must not be regarded as having preached any doctrine at all. But even so the doctrine of sexual anarchism is certainly in the novels whether she intentionally put it there or not. If it is not the conclusion, it is the postulate. She preached what she practiced, at the time when she was practicing it. One might even say that the consistent coincidence between her preaching and her practices constitutes one of her titles to our respect.

Another title unquestionably lies in her success in holding her head high throughout her long assault upon the conventional prescriptions of decorum, and in growing old with dignity. There was no mystery and no hypocrisy. She was as frank and open in negotiating her amours as a mother could be in arranging the marriage of her daughter. There was no attempt to conceal them from her children, and they appear in her correspondence with mere acquaintances as well as intimate friends. Her courageous attitude wore down scandal, and won the general recognition of her right to be a law to herself, and to regard her life as her own to live how she chose. Nor was there anything in the calm of her old age at Nohant to recall the tempestuous excesses of her youth. It was a sort of widowhood, though she regarded herself as the widow not of her husband but of her lovers—and not of one lover but of several. Her heart was, as she said, a cemetery, and as Jules Sandeau said, a necropolis; but there was a magnificently calm serenity in her meditations among the tombs.

Francis Gribble.

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THE FIRST POET OF NEW NETHERLAND

Minnaars-Toegeving.

Segt mijn bekje,	Die u als
Hartens Diefje,	Sijn hart bemind:
Waarom gekje	Nimmer vals
Met-je liefje?	Gy hem bevind.*

**Lover's Complaint.*

Tell me dearest,	Who gives thee all
Thief of my heart,	his love
Why trifle so	And false will never
With thy sweetheart?	prove.

The first verse freely translated of one of Steendam's poems in his "Distelvink," seven verses follow, all in the same gushing and lovesick strain.

THE straggling village-like appearance that the little town of New Amsterdam with its background of woods and hills presented when the Dutch trading vessel which had borne Jacob Steendam across the "Mar del Nort" (as it was known to those old navigators) came to her moorings in the East River, is displayed in the view on the map in the second edition of Van der Donck's *Beschryving van Nieuw Nederlandt.* A readier reference, however, would be to Arnoldus Montanus's *Beschryving van Amerika,* published at Amsterdam in the year 1671, in which, at page 124, the same prospect of Novum Amsterodamum will be found. The *Montanus* is a book that one must indeed watch an opportunity to secure, but it is not to be compared for rarity with Adriaen Van der Donck's *Beschryving,* the little pot quarto volume published by Evert Nieuwenhof 't Amsterdam, Anno 1656.

The town of New Amsterdam, when in 1650, or thereabouts, the first of its poets landed from a small boat at the foot of the only wharf* it then possessed, had not yet seen the semi-centennial anniversary of its foundation. It was a "mean conditioned place," and few and feeble was the folk over which, from 1647 to 1664, "Peter the Headstrong" held imperious sway. The entire population of that early time could be comfortably domiciled in one of our modern apartment houses, for in 1656 it numbered (including the garrison) only a thousand men, women, and children, a large proportion of whom were negro slaves. The slave trade flourished in those days, and Steendam, notwithstanding that he was a composer of soft and sentimental verses and spiritual songs, appears to have been as intent upon securing a share in the profits of this cruel traffic as any of his fellow townsmen. It is recorded to his discredit, that in 1660 he with others presented a petition to the Director and Council of New Amsterdam for permission to trade to the west coast of Africa for the purpose of importing slaves and other *articles* into the Colonies. Some sombre shadows lie across the face of things in those good old days, as we are fond of calling them—that "dulcet" period in our city's history of which Washington Irving was the partly serious, mostly jesting, and altogether delightful chronicler.

It is difficult to realise that only two centuries and a half ago—a lapse of time which three human lives of the not remarkable duration of four-score years would cover—this city of three and a half millions of people—the second largest on the face of the globe—contained, all told, only one hundred and twenty houses, a number of them comfortable dwellings enough, no doubt, surrounded by flower and kitchen gardens, but many of them mere shanties. The church and the Governor's house in the fort, on the then "bluff," and the City-Tavern or Stadt-Huys on the corner of the present Pearl Street and Coenties Slip, being the most important and pretentious structures that the town could boast. There were only

*Note—The North Side of the present Pearl Street between Broad and Whitehall streets, in 1650, fronted the river shore. Extending out from it into the river on the line of the present Moore street was a little wharf built at a very early period. See Valentine's *History of the City of New York.*

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seventeen streets laid out, and none of these were paved. Wooden chimneys were not tabooed, nor were the haystacks, hen houses and pig pens yet abolished by city ordinance, from the principal streets. In 1656, the Burgomasters Oloff Stevenson Van Cortlandt and Allard Anthony, and the Schepens Johannes Van Bruggh, Jacob Strycker, Jan Vinse, Wilhelm Beeckman, and Hendrick Kip bestirred themselves, brushed the tobacco smoke out of their eyes, and within the next few

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years all the streets were paved with the round and flinty cobblestone—a remnant of which indestructible roadway material is probably still in service in a few of our crooked downtown lanes, and will endure, if undisturbed, as long as the Roman Via Appia itself. No sidewalks were provided in these first paved streets, and the gutters ran in the middle thereof, a system of sewerage which our Dutch progenitors adopted, no doubt in fond remembrance of the odoriferous canals of the Fatherland.

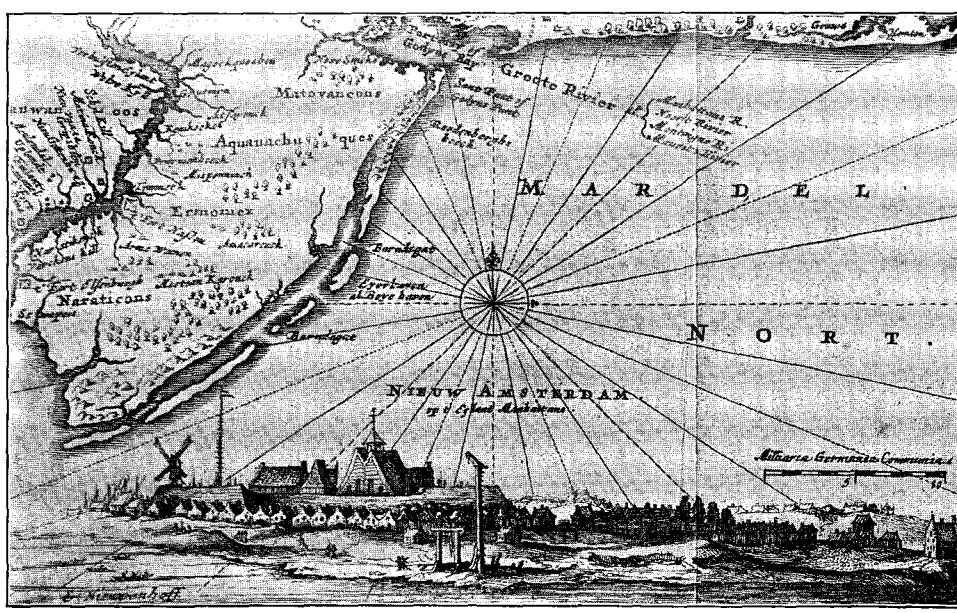
What a contrast life in this frontier town on the banks of Hudson's river afforded to the old civilisation that Steendam had forsaken in the rich and beautiful city on the Zuyder Zee, where Rembrandt was then painting his masterpieces and plying his magical etching needle; Vondel, the greatest, and "Father" Cats, the most popular of Dutch poets writing their songs and dramas, and the famous Elzevirian Press issuing its correct and beautiful duodecimo editions of the classics of all Europe. Nevertheless, Steendam expresses no regrets, and is entranced with this new region, which he finds a land flowing with milk and honey and full of promise. In his *Lof van Nuw-Nederland* (Praise of New Netherland) he thus apostrophises the country he apparently intended to adopted as his future home:

"New Netherland, thou noblest spot on earth,
Where Bounteous Heaven ever poureth forth
The fullness of his gifts of greatest worth,
Mankind to nourish."

In seventy-two stanzas (verbosity characterises all Steendam's verse) he praises the purity of the atmosphere of New Netherland, descants upon the temperateness of its climate, extols the prolificness of its virgin soil, and boasts of the fecundity in birds, beasts, and fishes of its woods and waters. He proclaims it a land of abundance; the air, water, and soil of greatest purity, and finally bursts forth in this rapturous song and pious invocation:

"Oh happy land! While envy you invite,
You soar far over, all you thus excite:
And conquer whom by chance you meet in fight,
May God protect and
Defend and save you: peace and comfort give:
All strife and discord from your borders drive:
So Netherlands your happiness perceive
With joy and pleasure."

But the fates were contrary and unpropitious. Steendam, after a residence



NEW AMSTERDAM IN 1656.
From Van der Donck's "Beschryving.

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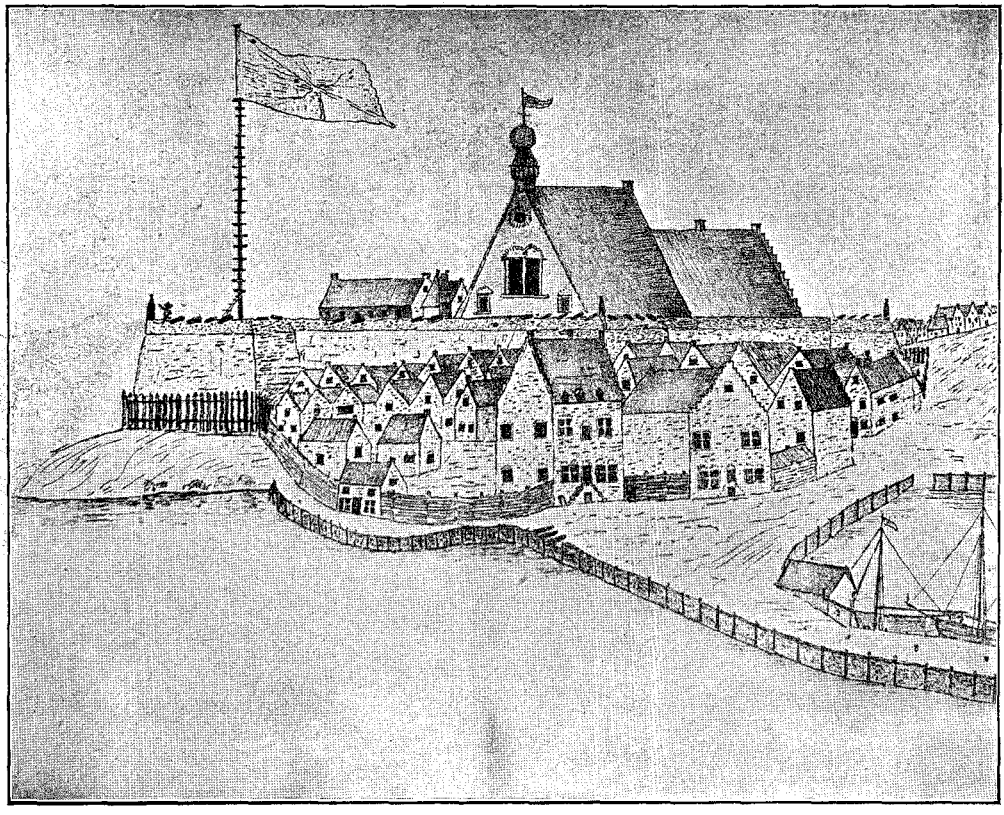
here of ten or twelve years, departed for Holland. Perhaps he had heard and heeded the mutterings of the approaching storm which for a long time had been gathering to the eastward and broke in full fury over New Amsterdam in 1664, when the English, under Col. Richard Nicolls, captured the town notwithstanding the stubborn resistance of Governor Stuyvesant, and despite the city palisades and other defences erected to "prevent surprises" by the Indians, as well as for a protection against the "ferocious Yankees" towards the construction of which our poet had, as one of the wealthy citizens of New Amsterdam, contributed his quota of Dutch guilders in 1653 and again in 1655.

In the year 1860 a volume of old placards and proclamations of the States General of Holland and other broadsides, were sold at The Hague at public sale. Bound up with this valueless material the Honourable Henry C. Murphy, then our Minister at The Hague, found and purchased a folio broadside signed Jacob Steendam, noch vaster,* printed by Pieter Dirksz T' Amsterdam, 1659. This rare broadside—A Complaint (Klacht) of New Amsterdam in New Netherland to her Mother of her beginning, growth, and present condition—was sold in the sale of Mr. Murphy's books in 1884 and is now in the John Carter-Brown Library in Providence, R. I.

The second of Steendam's poems on New Netherland, "'t Lof van Nuw-Nederland," was published at Amsterdam in 1661 by the bookseller Jacobus van der Fuyk. A copy of this little Americana nugget is in the Lenox Library, and it is probably as rare a book as any of the priceless literary treasures sheltered beneath the granite eaves of the building at

*A play upon his name. Steendam meaning stone dam, and *noch vaster* still firmer.
H. C. M.



THE CHURCH IN THE FORT.

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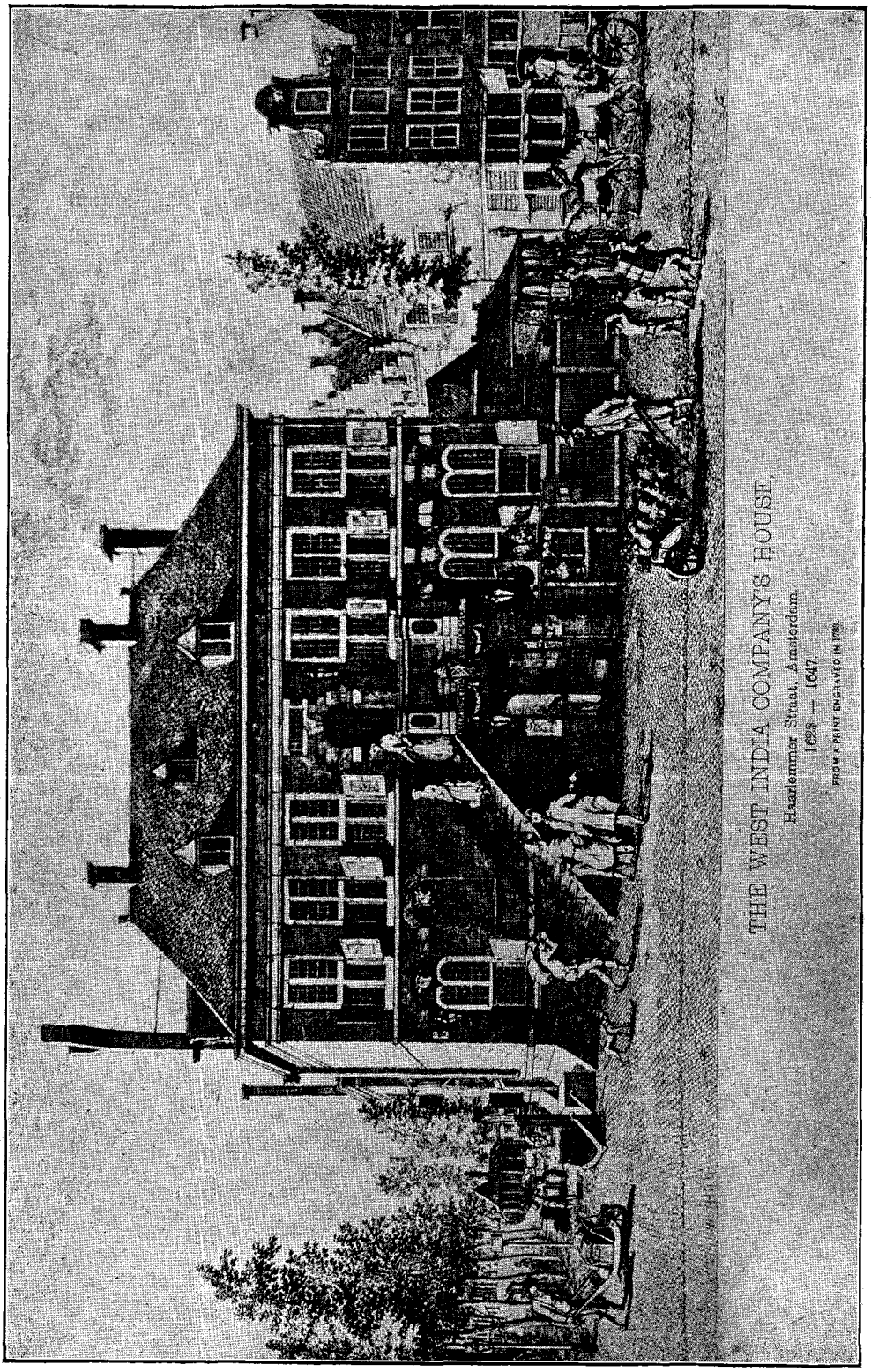

THE WEST INDIA COMPANY'S HOUSE,
Haarlemmer Straat, Amsterdam.
1628 — 1647
FROM A PRINT ENGRAVED IN 1788

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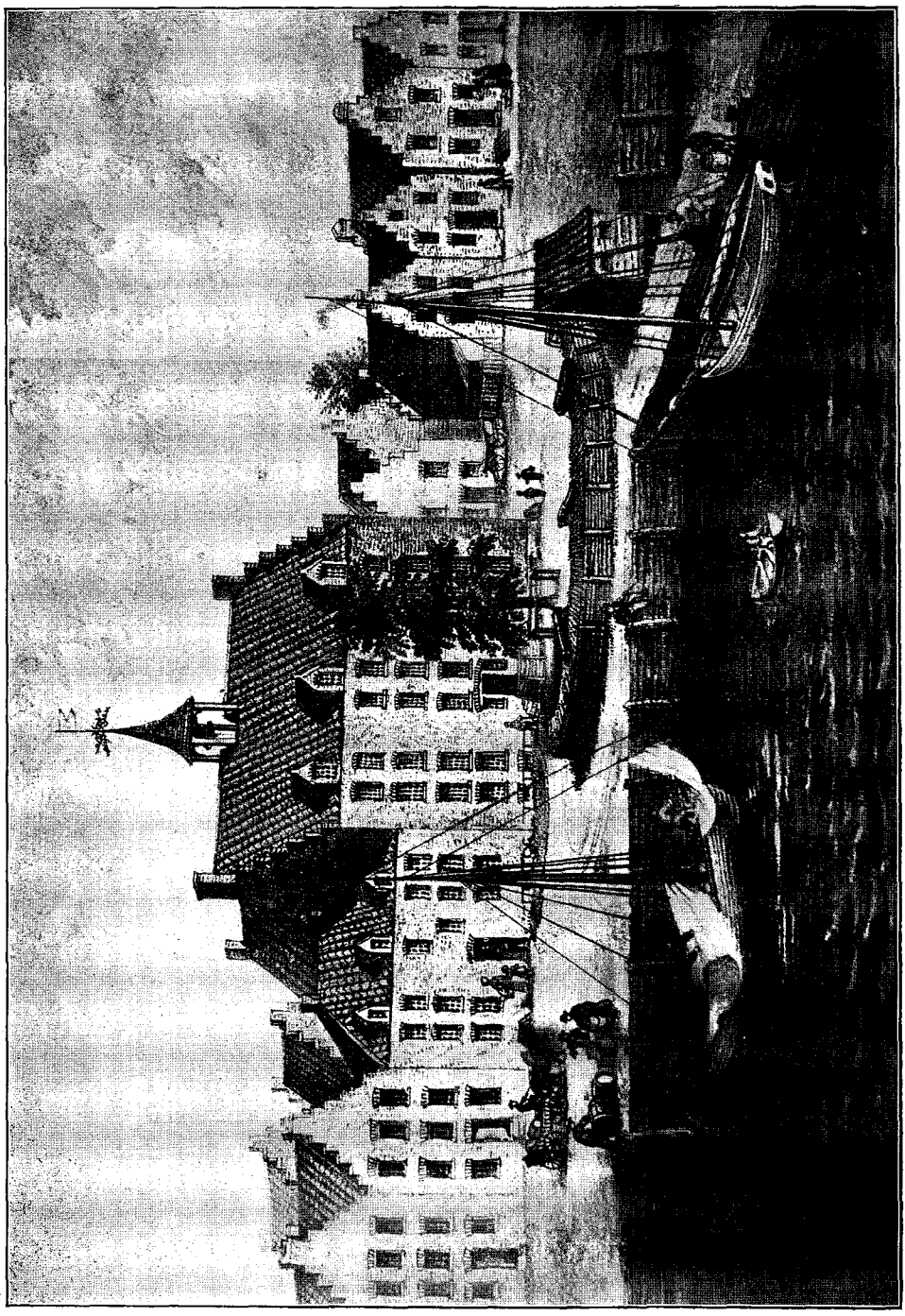

CITY TAVERN AND "STADT-HUYS" OR CITY HALL.

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Seventieth Street and Fifth Avenue. With all his acquaintance with Dutch books and pamphlets, Mr. Murphy knew of no other copy.

A third poem by Steendam on New Netherland's affairs was discovered by Mr. Murphy in the Royal Library at The Hague, at the end of a pamphlet by Peter Cornelison Plockhoy, published in 1662, in which is set forth a plan for the establishment of a colony on the South (Delaware) River in New Netherland. It was entitled "Prickle Vaersen" (spurring verses) "to press or spur on the friends of this new enterprise," and recolonise a country that the Dutch a few years previously had wrested from the Swedes, pillaged the inhabitants, and laid waste * the land.

*The tract of land lying upon the western shore of the Delaware River extending from Cape Henlopen to the Falls of Sanhican (Trenton), which was acquired by treaty with the Indians, and settled by the Swedes about the year 1638.

FROM THOMAS CAMPANIUS HOLM S "NEW SWEDEN."
A Copy of a Portion of the Map of N. Visscher.

These three poems, with translations into English, an Introduction, and a Memoir of the poet by Mr. Murphy, were published at The Hague in 1861, in a pamphlet for private distribution. This matter was reprinted in 1865 in the "Anthology of New Netherland, A Translation from the early Dutch poets of New York with Memoirs of their Lives by Henry C. Murphy."* It forms No. 4 of the publications of the Bradford Club.

This galaxy of poets numbers but three; the names of Dominie Henricus Selyns and Nicasius de Sille being the only ones added to that of Steendam.

The following facts are taken from this Memoir of Steendam by Mr. Murphy. In it he acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Frederick Muller, of Amsterdam, who supplied him with the poet's portrait (a copy of which is prefixed to this article), to the historian Dr. E. B. O'Callaghan, of Albany, N. Y., and to J. T. Bodel-Nyenhuis, Esq., of Leyden, Holland ("the profound investigator of Geographical Science"), to whom Mr. G. M. Asher, our chief authority on Dutch books and pamphlets, dedicated his "List of the Maps and Charts of New Netherland and of the Views of New Amsterdam." A group of students of our early Dutch history was here assembled, the like of which we will not soon, if ever again, see in collaboration.

Jacob Steendam was born in North Holland in 1616. He was for fifteen years in the service of the West India Company, and in 1641 was sent by its directors to the coast of Guinea. Upon his return, in 1649, he collected his poems and published them under the title of "Den Distelvink" (The Thistle or Goldfinch), a branch of the bird family to which linnets and canary birds belong. Hugo Bruno, whose four laudatory verses are prefixed to the third part of the "Distelvink," considers this little feathered warbler too modest a representative of the lofty flights of Steendam's muse and suggests as more emblematical the wonderful vocal powers of the strong-winged, high-soaring nightingale.

The first and second parts of the "Distelvink" appeared in 1649; the third in

*Note.—The John Carter-Brown Library also now contains a copy.

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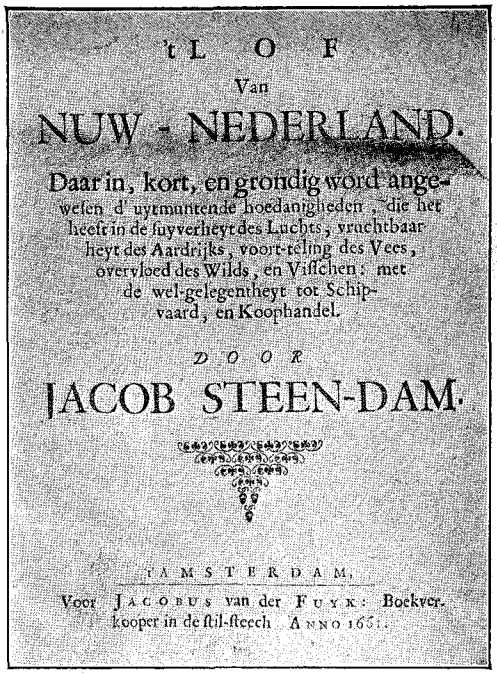
1650. Together they form a quarto volume of about 550 pages. The first two parts bear the imprint of Gerrit van Goedesbergh, the third that of Hendrick Doncker, Boekverkooper's (bibliopoles), both in the good old city of Amsterdam.

The first part of the "Distelvink" contains love songs (Minne-Sang). The second (Zeegen-Sang) epithalamiums and triumphal songs—and the third (Hemel-Sang) heavenly or spiritual hymns. All are set to the music of some more ancient hymn or song. Most of the love songs are written in the short, irregular metre of the verse at the head of this article, a favourite poetical measure with the seventeenth century Dutch poets and people.

Shortly after the publication of the "Distelvink," Steendam embarked for New Netherland, apparently, as has been suggested, with the intention of making a permanent settlement in the colony, for he purchased "plantations" on Long Island * and became the owner of houses and lots on the island of Manhattan. One on the "Breedweg" (Broadway) the other on "Paerl Straat" (Pearl Street) between State Street and Whitehall. But it was not so to be, and he nevermore set foot in this new land after his return to Holland about the year 1662. New Amsterdam, shortly after his departure was blotted forever from the map, and the great Dutch cartographer, Carolus Allard, could no longer thereafter include the cherished name among his one hundred "inhabited" cities of the world. We can readily imagine that a return to the conquered town, and the oath of allegiance to James, Duke of York, that he might be required to take, involved more mortification of spirit than Steendam's stubborn Dutch pride could brook.

In 1665 this restless roving minstrel left Holland for the Dutch East India possessions and the few traces of him that are found thereafter show him to have been for some time a resident of the walled town of Batavia, in the island

*These farms were located at "Mespat Kill" (Newtown Creek) and at "Amersfort," later known as *Flatlands*.


't LOF
Van
NUW - NEDERLAND.
Daar in, kort, en grondig word ange-
weſen d' uytmuntende hoedanigheden, die het
heeft in de ſuyverheyt des Luchts, vruchtbaar
heyt des Aardrijks, voort-teling des Vees,
overvloed des Wilds, en Viſſchen: met
de wel-gelegentheyt tot Schip-
vaard, en Koophandel.
DOOR
JACOB STEEN-DAM.
TAMSTERDAM,
Voor JACOBUS van der FUYK: Boekver-
kooper in de ſtil-ſtreech ANNO 1651.

of Java, a colony founded by the Dutch about the same time as New Amsterdam. Here, in a land of earthquakes and tornadoes, Jakob Steendam disappears from mortal ken, and the time, place, and manner of his death are wrapped in the same mystery that shrouds the fate of the discoverer of the island of Manhattan, in which he whilom made his home, the future greatness and glory of which Steendam in a measure foresaw and proved thereby his possession of at least one of the attributes of a poet—the gift of prophecy.

Centuries have come and gone since Steendam wrote his hymns and lyrics, and the dust lies thick upon the parchment covers of his all but forgotten "Distelvink." The anthology of our city now embraces the name of many a poet who invoked the muse with more success than he, and some perhaps with less, but whatever may be the merit or demerit of Steendam's verse, his name must of necessity, like that of Abou Ben Adhem, lead all the rest.

William Loring Andrews.

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A RECENT JAPANESE CARTOON, SHOWING RUSSIA AS THE BLACK OCTOPUS, WHICH HAS BEEN VERY POPULAR IN TOKIO.

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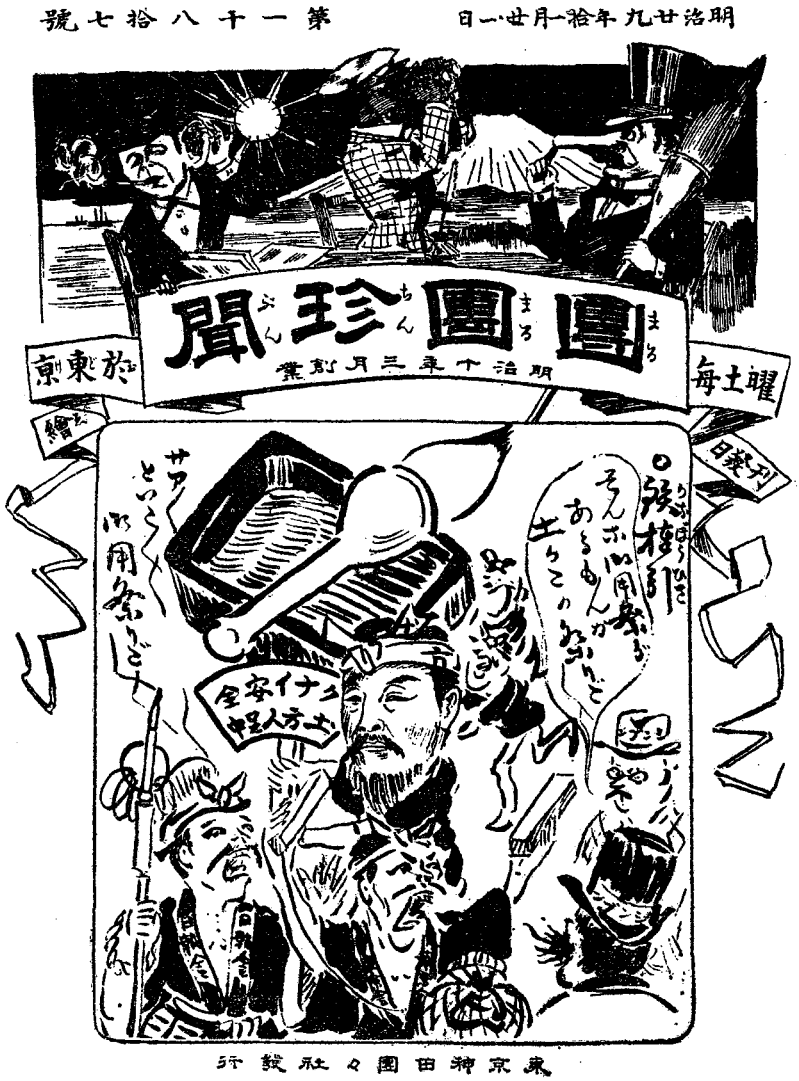
JAPANESE HUMOUR AND CARICATURE

JAPAN has no literature of laughter and humour. She was and is the country of tragedy and tears. Nothing has been more esteemed than tears in the country of thousand idols and cherry blossoms. It is a part of the national temperament to be prone to tragedy. To tell misfortune to another at a casual meeting is considered the height of etiquette. The Japanese do not know usually how to laugh, and they regard laughter as a degeneration.

When, in the seventeenth century, Monzayemon Chikamatsu (the Japanese Shakespeare as he is called sentimentally) reached his zenith, and even when in the early nineteenth century Bakin Takizawa founded a romantic school of story-telling, there was no author of humour. One might say that the Kiogen (mad-words) which developed in the later sixteenth century was only an oasis. The Kiogen was merely farce and crude joke, attaining no high value of literature. We



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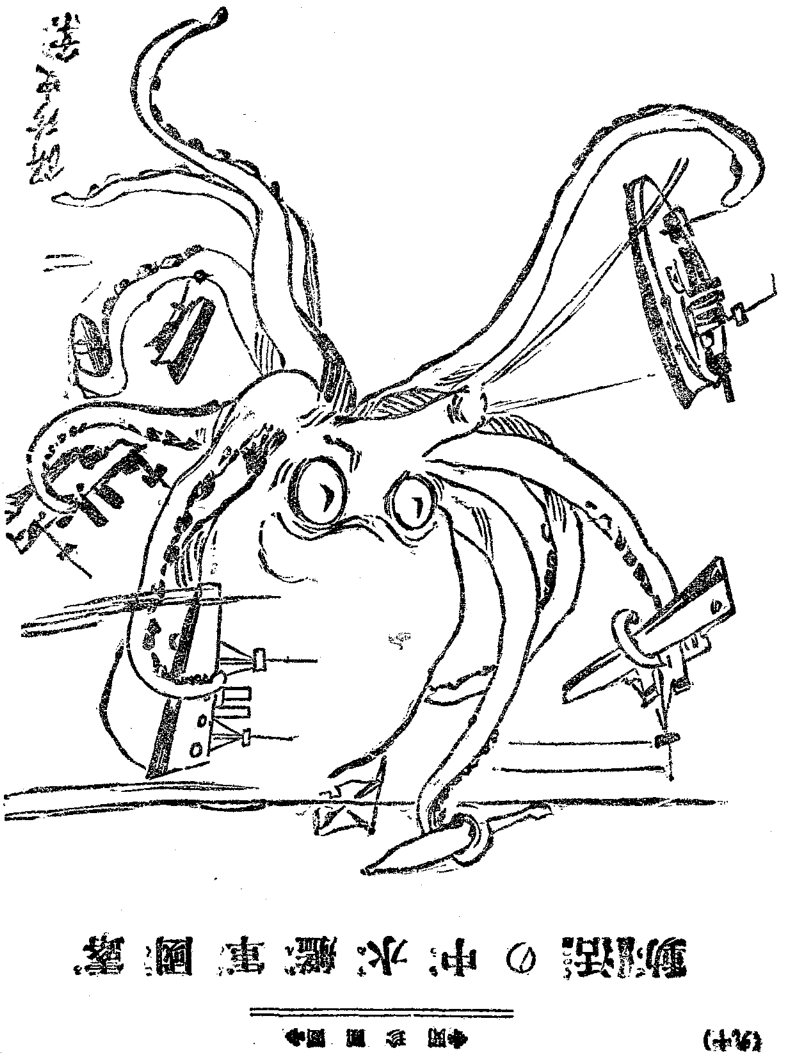
had Ikku, Sanba, and others, the contemporaries of Bakin, as writers of humourous stories. But the tricks they employed consisted often in the play upon words, with occasional flashes of wit. The elasticity of an agglutinative language like the Japanese makes it a very easy vehicle of such wit. It is only natural that the Kiogen writers became mere punsters. You could never measure them with the scale which you use for Artemus Ward or Mark Twain. The Japanese humourous writers were rarely philosophical, wholesome and sunny. They never laughed with their faces turned to the sky. To-day in our Meiji era, Shinji Minami, Tokuchi Kodo and Koson Ageba are humourous writers, but they are only followers of Ikku or Sanba. The difference lies simply in the modification of the morality of the story. And it is rather a pity for them not to have a large audience. There are also many professional jokers or fun makers, whom the public despise. The whole fault lies with the general public who have little appreciation of laughter and wit.

To-day we have at least fifty magazines in Tokyo alone. But we have only one humourous publication corresponding to *Life, Puck* or *Judge*. It is the *Marumaru Chinbun,* the literal translation of which might be the "all-around queer news." It is a stalwart weekly.



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It has stood rain and storm since 1877 when it was established by a certain novelist famous in his own day, and now totally forgotten. Its circulation has always been small. Nobody knows how many times its editors have been changed. The public never troubled themselves about it. And the editors did not care to make their names public. It was an outsider among magazine publications. And it enjoyed for a time the comfort of being forgotten. It slowly pushed its own steps. Once in a while the editors, from sheer sportiveness attacked the Government's policy. The result was only too certain. The editors would be sent to jail and the magazine suspended. This often happened. It is said that their satire was always sharp-edged, and not altogether without human touch and delicacy. And their cartoons were extremely clever. The *Marumaru Chinbun* might be called a Japanese *Punch*. But it has no power socially or politically. It is regarded as an excusable freak.

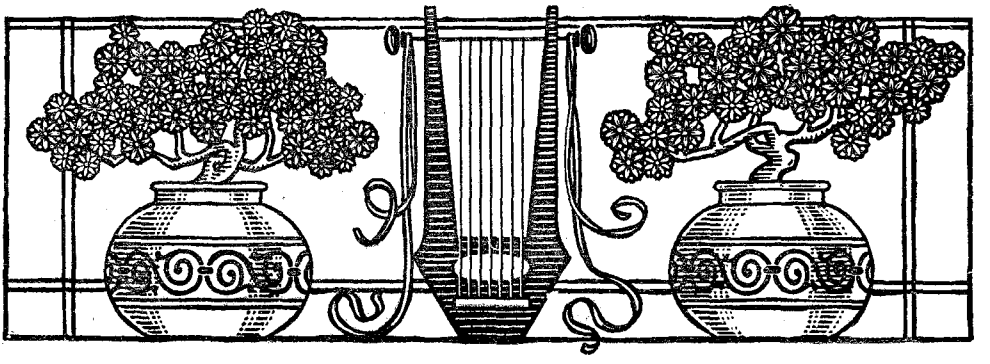
Three years ago the *Kokkei Shinbun* (the Funny News) was first published in Osaka. The Osaka writers whom the people always regarded as amateurs wanted to revolt. Originally it was intended to be strictly literal. But from the necessity or desire of increasing its circulation, it entered into the realms of politics and life. It was quite a revelation, and succeeded immediately. There is a mystery about its editor. I am told that one will find only an office boy whenever he calls. And the boy is forbidden to reveal the editor's name.

For some years the *Jiji Shinpo,* the most influential Tokyo paper, has been reprinting the newspaper humour from American and English papers. This move has met with a cordial reception. Two years ago the same paper began to publish cartoons which were chiefly drawn by Mr. Kitazawa, a caricaturist, who had studied art in America. He may not have taken any individual American cartoonist as his master, but his humour and turn of wit are a reflection of the work by the usual American "funny man." It is a clever combination of Japanese abruptness in joke and American philosophy in conception. He was an immediate success. And many other Tokyo papers followed the *Jiji* with little result.

The present war has brought the writers of humourous skill and the caricaturists to the front. All Japan is seeking chances to make fun of Russia and the Russians. The Sunday issue of the *Jiji* is sold in tremendous numbers. The old *Maru Chin,* as we call the *Marumaru Chinbun,* has been very cleverly summing up the situation. The *Kokkei Shinbun* of Osaka appeared in a new dress. And it added the "literature of Barbarism" on the cover page. In fact, nearly all the Tokyo papers are printing funny pictures illustrating the situation. After all we Japanese are not entirely serious. Simply we had not learned how to laugh until now.

And I feel sure that this tremendous appreciation of fugitive wit will have the effect of bringing out a purely humourous story writer in the future. The ice has been broken. The humourist knows now that he will receive some encouragement from the public, and there is no reason why we should not look forward hopefully to a day of genuine Japanese humour.

Yone Noguchi.



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THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER

V.

THE NEWSPAPER AND POLITICS

By Edward G. Riggs

THE Paris Frenchman, who started the first newspaper clipping bureau to supply politicians and statesmen with slips of what was being said about them, understood to perfection that the essence of politics, local, State and national, is vanity and its cousin-german self-interest. The newspaper clipping bureaus were next opened in the United States, then in Great Britain, and now they flourish in almost every capital of Europe and the Orient. Gray, in his *Elegy*, must have thought of politicians when he wrote the line, "Th' applause of list'ning senates to command." Yet, Francis B. Spinola, once a Tammany Congressman, and familiarly known as "Shirt-collar" Spinola, because of his one distinguishing feature as a statesman, expressed his views in more practical fashion when he asked in 1888, "What's the matter with you, my young friend? What have I done to you? My name hasn't appeared in the *Sun* in a year." Mr. Spinola was told that nothing extraordinary had marked his course for the year in question, certainly nothing that called for extended newspaper comment. He replied, almost in tones of anguish, "Mebbe so, mebbe so, but abuse me, pitch into me, don't let me die in oblivion like this."

In the larger sense another interpretation should be placed upon politicians and statesmen, as, for instance, when Abraham Lincoln in the preliminary campaign which led to William Henry Harrison's election to the presidency in 1840, worked early and late to bring over to Harrison the support of Joe Smith, the Mormon prophet, the head and founder of the Latter Day Saints. Smith was later shot by a polygamy-hating mob in Carthage jail.

In writing this sketch I intend to be absolutely candid. In the first place, I do not believe newspaper men should write articles either for their newspapers or for magazines with their names attached. I believe, in other words, that newspaper men should avoid all distinguishing publicity, and that their unheralded work and their lives should be far better claims to sub-cellar gratification—the chief end of mere man in the estimation of the superior sex—than what some sweepingly call circus-poster methods. Frequently have I been told by friends that I am breaking my spinal column in leaning over backward in this matter. Occasionally I fancy I am almost in the mood in which I once found Senator Thomas C. Platt, of New York, a number of years ago.

It was at his country home at Highland Mills, after dinner, Sunday evening. We strolled several miles through the fields, he switching tiny garter snakes and chatting, and I smoking as I listened to the anecdotes of his long and strenuous political career. "But," said Senator Platt, in the gentle voice which is one of his marked characteristics in war or in peace, "if I ever become reminiscent in print, I want you to promise that you will go to the nearest drug shop and get an ounce of cyanide of potassium; and I will take the dose and bless you with the last wink of my eyes."

On the other hand, if a few words from me, at this time, can be of service to my younger brethren in the newspaper field of political life, or can give an idea of that work to laymen, I feel that I am bound to accept the opportunity afforded to me.

THE POLITICAL REPORTER'S QUALIFICATIONS.

The man who does the big stories of city, State and national politics must first of all be in robust health. A young man from a neighbouring city turned up a

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few months ago, and asked me to get him a place on a metropolitan newspaper. "What do you want to do?" I asked. "Politics," said he; and my next question was, "How is your stomach?" meaning to ascertain if that soul-satisfying organ was strong and in good working order. The young man allowed that he was a bit weak in that important physical territory. Insistent in the desire to be of service to him, I questioned him as to his liver, the seat of the conscience, according to some of the ancients; and this fine young fellow, splendidly equipped intellectually for the conflict of life, had to be passed by because his stomach and his liver were not in prime condition. Why was this necessary? Why was it necessary to tell this young man who would adorn most walks of life that he would be almost utterly worthless in the newspaper field of political work? For the answer let me point to the early deaths of such men as Julian Ralph and Wilbur J. Chamberlin, and I could tell of dozens more whose brilliant careers were cut short by the unrelenting demands of newspaper political work. Like the old adage concerning woman's work, political newspaper work is never done. It has neither beginning nor ending. It is the nearest approach to perpetual thought and motion on this mundane sphere. Other departments of a daily newspaper end with the setting or the rising of the sun; political work never ends. It is interwoven with each hour of the day and night, each day and night in the month in the year, each year in the decade, and each decade in the generation and each generation in the century.

What are the qualifications for a good political reporter and correspondent? There is a vast difference between the two. The political reporter is he who begins at the foot of the ladder when he reports the actual facts at a ward meeting. The political correspondent is he who has run the gamut of ward meetings, primaries, Assembly district, Senate district and Congress district conventions, city conventions, county conventions, State conventions and national conventions, and who builds his articles to his newspaper on the information of the situation in the State or nation based upon circumstances and facts arising out of all of the aforesaid conventions. A political reporter and a political correspondent occupy in newspaper life the same relative positions as the cellar digger and architect in the building trades world. Cellar digger is just as important in his sphere as architect. The most superb architects were the most superb cellar diggers. No man can be a successful political correspondent unless he has been a successful political reporter. Judges are made out of lawyers, generals and admirals out of cadets. No President of the United States, no United States Senator, no Governor of a State ever attained his place without a thorough and practical knowledge of the workings of primaries and legislatures. No man in our country's history ever became a statesman without first having been a successful politician. Only the most ordinary of human virtues are necessary for the equipment of a successful political reporter and correspondent —cleanliness, sobriety, honesty and truthfulness.

Some years ago an alert and brilliant political reporter complained that he was not getting along very well, that he could get the routine news of the day for his newspaper all right, but that he invariably failed when important events were under way, and he wanted to know if I could and would tell him wherein he was lacking. I knew him well enough to be candid with him, and so I replied, "You're clever enough, you're industrious and energetic, but I hope you won't take offence when I tell you that in my opinion a clean shirt is better than brains." This young man was positively distressing in his ideas of personal cleanliness; he shaved once or twice a week, or whenever he felt inclined, was glad, as he said, when it was cold weather, so that he wouldn't have to take a bath so often, his linen was invariably soiled and crumpled, and his clothes spotted and unbrushed. Had poverty been the cause for this untidiness I should have hesitated to have wounded him by my frank utterance. That young man acknowledged the corn, and from that time he has been spruced up in great fashion. I see him occasionally in an uptown club, and he is the pink of neatness. He dines with presidents and governors,

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where, in the old days, a gutter politician in Corlears Hook would scarcely look at him save when he wanted to use him and his newspaper.

Political reporters in their early days seldom dabble in works of political reference or historical research. Their first study is of men. To illustrate: a few years ago a young political reporter began his first assignment to cover a Democratic assembly district primary fight in New York City by purchasing Ellis H. Roberts's *History of the State of New York*. His political superior told him to drop Roberts, and see Tom McGinnis and Junius Montgomery O'Sullivan, the opposing chieftains of the district; also not to forget to pump their respective principal lieutenants, Pete Daley and Marmaduke Reginald O'Toole. The young political reporter returned to his office with an accurate report of the fight in the district, exactly what his newspaper and its readers wanted. Some of the young political reporters fresh from college are filled with theoretical and academic notions which their fine young minds hunger to see put into operation, but just about half a month's experience in practical city or country politics invariably recalls to them the thorough practicability of Grover Cleveland's famous utterance concerning a condition and a theory.

THE REFORMER.

But to say that these young college political reporters, with their theoretical or academic ideas, are not dropping seed in what hitherto has been considered utterly barren ground is miles from the truth. Politics and the world at large are better for these young fellows, and may their tribe increase. I can easily recall candidates for high office, men since gone to eternity and whose names are laurelled in glory, who with their own hands purchased on the night before Election Day the bags containing the ballots of their political rivals for the same office. That was before the Australian ballot system was established, and when to purchase the ballots of your adversary left him without ballots at the polls on Election Day. Who would dare do that now? Higher education, example, the newspapers, the inherent decency of practical politicians whose desire for creative and constructive legislation as their only political heritage, together with the invaluable though often misguided aid and energy of professional reformers have brought about this better condition of affairs. It is not necessary, or desirable, to say one word that would leave a scar, but often, very often, it has occurred to me that practical politicians, men who live by politics and office-holding, would be far better men and the conditions in general in town and country would be greatly improved, did they have better examples set for them by some of our professional reformers. In other words, I would it were possible for a few real live, simon pure reformers, men who yearn for substantial and actual reform and who are not office-seekers disguised as reformers, to get to work on some of these professional reformers. A professional reformer is a good deal like a professional Irishman, one who uses his race, ofttimes his religion, and almost always the unfortunate Green Isle of his birth for his material purposes.

In the municipal campaign of 1897, certain professional reformers who attached themselves to Mayor Low's headquarters performed acts which the lowest and most brutal Tammany Hall politician would shrink from, and I am perfectly familiar with many facts which would be too strong meat for the average lay reader. I wouldn't care to go into the details of how a well known professional reformer of those days, built up in his political and financial career by a practical politician of the lowest type, has left for years the grave of his benefactor unsodded and without a headstone, in a near-by cemetery. It is men like these who do incalculable injury to the cause of real reform in municipal, State and national politics, and because of them the betterment of political machines has been so backward as to be almost imperceptible.

THE REPORTER'S INTEGRITY.

The political reporter must be on a familiar and yet, paradoxically, dignified footing with the politician whom he meets in local or State politics, and the political correspondent must have the same relations with politicians and states-

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men in all of the States and Territories. Both must have an intimate knowledge of the ambitious methods which suggest a bit of news, or an interview, or a statement of the situation. Political reporting should be considered the highest type of a business venture. The reporter must never break his word or betray a confidence. The brains of the politician and the statesman are their own. They are their capital in trade. If a politician or statesman wants to say anything for publication, report him accurately, and write not a word that he says he doesn't wish printed. Not a few young political reporters, inherently honest-minded, forget in their zeal this cardinal principle. This perhaps, can best be illustrated by a little story.

A dozen years ago a Governor of a great State spoke at a banquet of newspaper reporters and political correspondents. The speaker had been notorious for years for his reckless disregard of the truth, not only to newspaper men, but to his party associates. As a matter of fact this man would lie when the truth would do better. He seemed to be mentally incapable of telling the truth. His speech consisted of a tirade, a savage attack upon young political reporters whom he charged with betraying the confidence he had reposed in them. As the speaker progressed, a political correspondent of experience, not only with this Governor but with other politicians and statesmen, was hurriedly requested to say a few words in reply. When his time came, the more experienced political correspondent, practically admitted the truth of all that the Governor had charged against some of the younger political writers whose zeal for their newspapers had frequently run away with their inherent sense of right and fairness. Turning to the Governor, the speaker continued:

"Admitting all that you say to be true, Governor, I want to excuse these young men and to say for them, God willing, they will do better in the future, if you will. While their conduct has been utterly without warrant, did it ever occur to you that in the aptitude of frail human nature for imitation the receptive minds of these young men have intuitively asked, 'If Governors and United States Senators, and even Presidents of the United States, not to speak of Congressmen and State Senators, can deceive each other, and lie to each other, why should not we give them a dose of the same medicine that they administer to one another.'" The speaker went on to recount the politicians and statesmen who at intervals were sent to jail, and then he became quite exultant when he asked the Governor to name the newspaper man in his career of forty years who had been sent to a felon's cell.

No man can become the big political man of his newspaper unless he begins at the very lowest rung of the ladder. He must know the facts of the election district before he can correctly grasp the situation in the Assembly district. In fact, he must know as much about the geographical lines and political complexions governing them as the politicians themselves. Politicians and statesmen rarely complain of incorrect statements in a newspaper. Sometimes they grin and recount to each other the sort of jackass this or that political writer is, as portrayed in his work; but they become grave-faced and solemn when they are called upon to confront the truth and read a newspaper article which displays accurate knowledge. Between politicians and newspaper men there never has been and never will be a complete community of interest. The politician is seeking to avoid publicity for his plans; the newspaper man is endeavouring always to discover those plans. It is a constant game of battledore and shuttlecock. Many a newspaper article has destroyed a politician's secret work of months. It often discloses his programme to his adversaries in the respective factional and opposite camps, and they thereupon set the machinery in motion to overthrow it. A political machine, local, State, or national, is practically not different from any other structure for the purposes of understanding, and thus the political reporter and correspondent should know intimately every bit of mortar and every brick in it in the shape of district leaders, city, county, State and national. Sometimes lasting friendships are made, but there can be no lasting friendship between a politician and a newspaper man that is not based on mutual esteem. The ambition of the politician does not always

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comport with the policy of the newspaper, and too often this ambition is gratified at the expense of methods which do not obtain in the better walks of life, and should be denounced most vigourously. Not that some newspapers should set themselves up as judges of any man, or of anything in man, be he politician or be he felon, but the communities of the country are perfectly well aware that the vast majority of the newspapers desire nothing but an honest and high-minded government of the people. The political reporter or correspondent should use no "high falutin" English, but should get down to the facts and not take himself too seriously, and neither should he take the political situation too seriously. These politicians come and go, statesmen likewise, but the great press of the country goes on forever. Neither should politicians nor statesmen be judged as a class, any more than newspaper men should be judged as a class, or lawyers, or physicians. There are bad men always in every walk in life.

REPORTERS AND POLITICIANS.

The scheme of a political machine is based on the old maxim of the greatest good to the greatest number. Of course, there is favouritism on the part of political leaders, and there always will be; but in the vast majority of instances the sub-leader who shows the greatest results in his district is the one who receives the greatest recognition at the hands of the leader of the organisation. I have said that there can be no lasting friendship between a politician and a newspaper political writer which is not based on esteem. I should like to reiterate that statement, because it is the experience of a quarter of a century. The newspaper man sees the politician at his home, dines with him at his family table, very frequently is acquainted with his private business affairs, and it may be safely set down that the newspaper man prints just about one per cent. of what he knows, and the remaining ninety-nine per cent. is utterly useless to his newspaper, but, of course, of deep significance to the newspaper man himself, giving him an insight and an experience which broadens him, and in the end makes him of far greater value to his newspaper. A newspaper man should be utterly loyal to the newspaper he serves. By this I don't mean that the newspaper man should undertake assignments which are beneath his personal dignity and which would be rejected by any self-respecting man, and here I should like to say a few words of how certain politicians regard newspaper political writers. These politicians point out that there is no cohesion among political writers for the daily press, especially in New York City, and that some of these political writers, without ado, would be quick to strike down a fellow worker at the behest of some of these politicians. I have known newspaper men to write articles for politicians which only earned for them the disgust of these politicians, and the utter contempt of newspaper men of rank and integrity. I know of only two notable examples where political correspondents sat at the tables of important American statesmen and went away and betrayed the confidences of that table. What was the fate of those political correspondents? Oblivion, quick and enduring. Yet I have known hundreds of politicians to leave the tables of their political confrères and betray the confidences reposed in them. The newspaper man's honour is his chief stock in trade. He cannot possibly last if he flings that overboard, nor be of value to his newspaper. Many of the notable political correspondents dine with Presidents, but you never read in the newspapers of what occurred at that table. If these political correspondents were to print what they knew, something like a revolution might occur in American politics.

ANECDOTES OF PRESIDENTS.

It will do no harm now to speak of the tears which rolled down President Arthur's face in the White House when one day at luncheon he told of his efforts to give the country a good Administration, and yet, because he considered himself to be only President Garfield's political legatee and heir, he was struck down by his former political associates and deprived of a nomination for the presidency. Neither will it be considered out of place now to tell of the sorrow of President Harrison the day before he left the White House, when with deep

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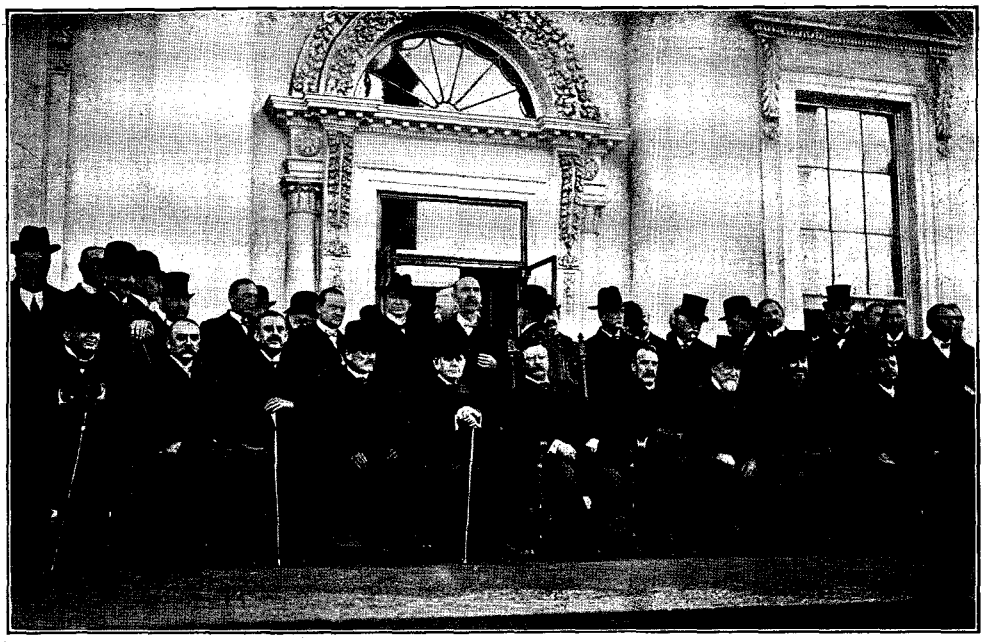

THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE GATHERED ON THE BACK PORCH OF THE WHITE HOUSE.
This is the last picture in which the President and Senator Hanna were taken together.
By Courtesy of Collier's Weekly.

THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE IN SESSION.

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POLITICAL ADVERTISING SIGNS.

emotion he turned and asked this question of me, "Do you love your business?" and I replied that I did, and then the President went on to say that he considered newspaper political work of such a stern nature as to be almost brutal, "as brutal as politics," added President Harrison. I was somewhat distressed to see President Harrison in such a mood, the President whom his associates had called an icicle, and who was not credited with having anything but pink lemonade for blood in his veins. Then President Harrison showed me a number of letters containing clippings from newspapers which had criticised Mrs. Harrison's gowns, and he asked, "Was it her fault that she was compelled to come here and live in the White House? Did she ever desire to leave her home in Indianapolis? No, not at all. She came here as my wife, as the wife of the President of the United States, the President of all the people of the country, and just read those newspaper articles which sneered at her gowns, and which some kind (with a sneering emphasis on the "kind") friends

JULIAN HAWTHORNE INTERVIEWING WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN AT THE LATTER'S HOME IN LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

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had sent to her and which I found in her desk this morning." I regret very much to say that a quick glance at those newspaper clippings showed that they were the work of newspaper political writers who would not be admitted to the average newspaper office in this country, but who in mixing politics with social matters got in these unkind thrusts at Mrs. Harrison. President Harrison was then told that neither the *Sun* nor any other great metropolitan newspaper in this country ever uses a woman's name in a political article; that no political reporter and no political correspondent, no matter what the provocation may be, ever used

AWAITING THE RETURNS.
By courtesy of Scribner's Magazine.

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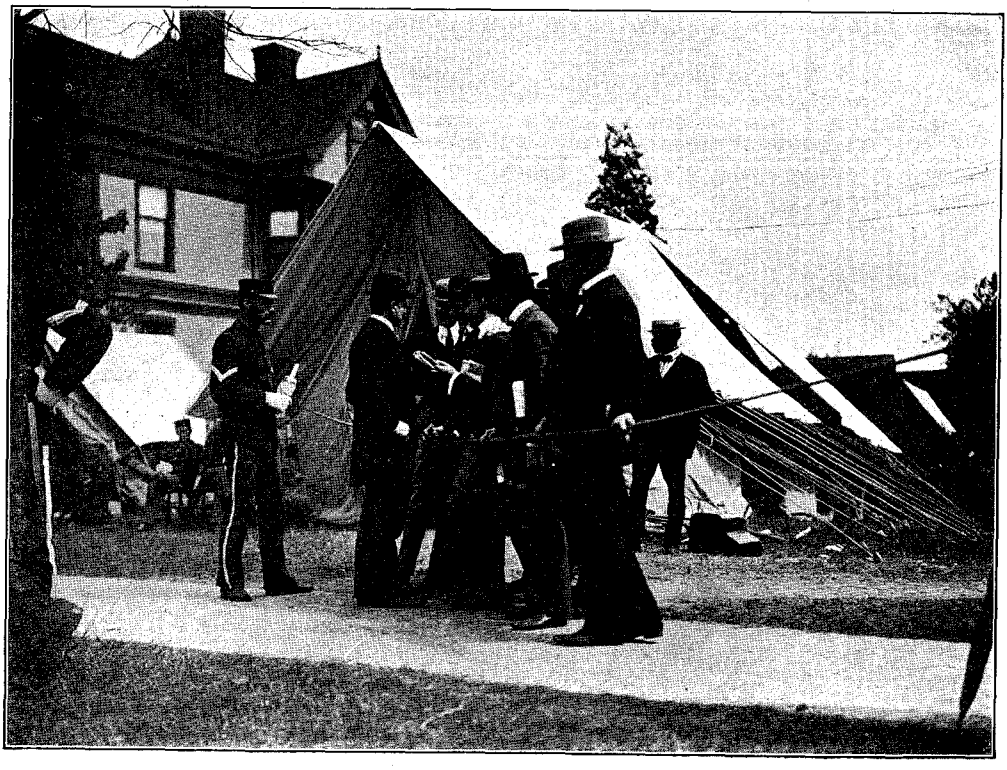
GREETING THE CANDIDATE.



NEWSPAPER MEN OUTSIDE THE MILBURN HOME IN BUFFALO, WAITING FOR NEWS OF THE CONDITION OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY AFTER HE HAD BEEN SHOT BY CZOLGOSZ.

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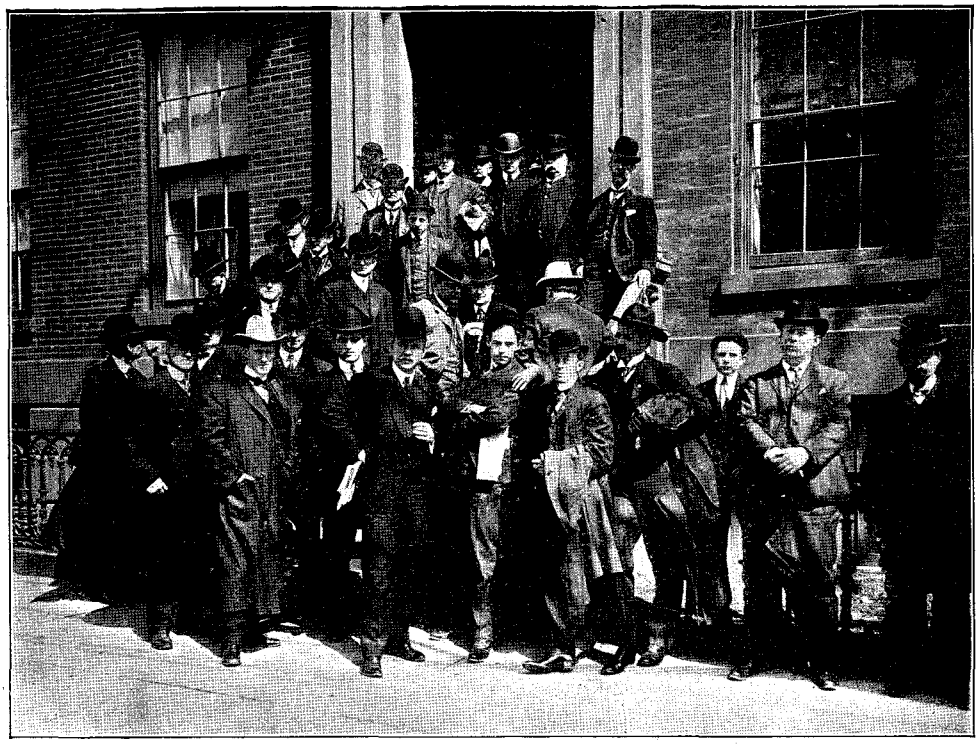
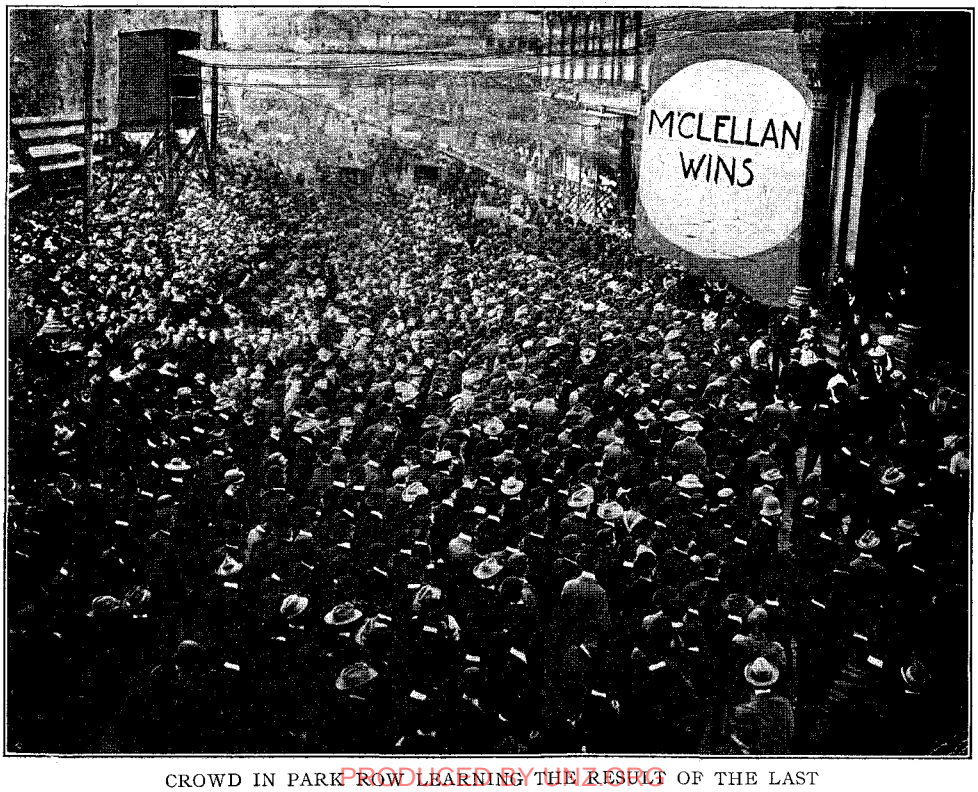


GROUP OF POLITICAL NEWSPAPER WRITERS GATHERED IN ALBANY.



CROWD IN PARK ROW LEARNING THE RESULT OF THE LAST NEW YORK MAYORALTY CONTEST.

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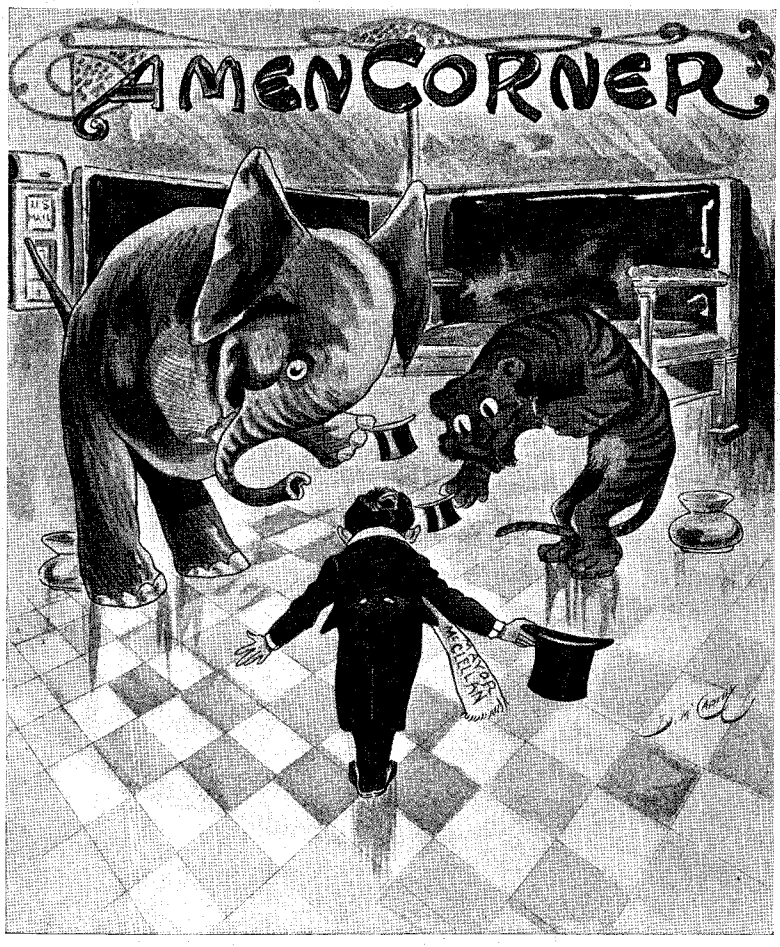
the name of a woman in a political article. President Harrison then frankly admitted this to be true, but he sadly shook his head as another wave of emotion went over his face, and replied, "Well, for all that I am glad to leave greatness behind and go back to my home in Indianapolis."

I recall with a great deal of interest now, many of the experiences with President Grover Cleveland in his first term. The newspaper men of Washington did not get along with him very well for the reason that they didn't seem to understand the burly President, and for that matter Mr. Cleveland didn't seem to quite understand them. The newspaper men never had in their hearts anything but the friendliest feelings for President Cleveland, but he had been thumped and hammered so much in New York State that he became suspicious almost of every newspaper man who approached him, until under the guidance of Col. Daniel S. Lamont he came to know the men with whom he should talk. And I remember distinctly Mr. Cleveland's utterance one afternoon in the White House, when he said, "I like all of the boys. They have treated me about as well as they could and I have tried to treat them on an even keel, and while I have never been called upon to question the integrity of a newspaper man, I am bound to say that very often I have been called upon to question their discretion." There is just the point where many newspaper political writers fail—the lack of discretion, the failure to understand completely all the ramifications of a conversation with a Presi-



CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES IN THE AMEN CORNER.

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dent, a Governor or a United States Senator, and to be extremely careful as to the deductions of the conversation. Mr. Cleveland was not particularly sensitive on some matters, for I remember well sitting with him in March, 1889, the day before he was to retire in favour of President Harrison. The Pennsylvania troops which had arrived in Washington to take part in President Harrison's inauguration marched through the White House grounds singing, "Grover Is in the Cold, Cold Ground." President Cleveland was pegging away at a lot of bills which Congress had passed, and I laughingly asked him how he liked the music. He replied, "It seems to me I have heard that tune before, and if it pleases them, why, all right, it doesn't trouble me. Pretty nice tune, isn't it?"

ELECTION NIGHT IN THE OFFICE OF A GREAT METROPOLITAN DAILY.
By courtesy of Scribner's Magazine.

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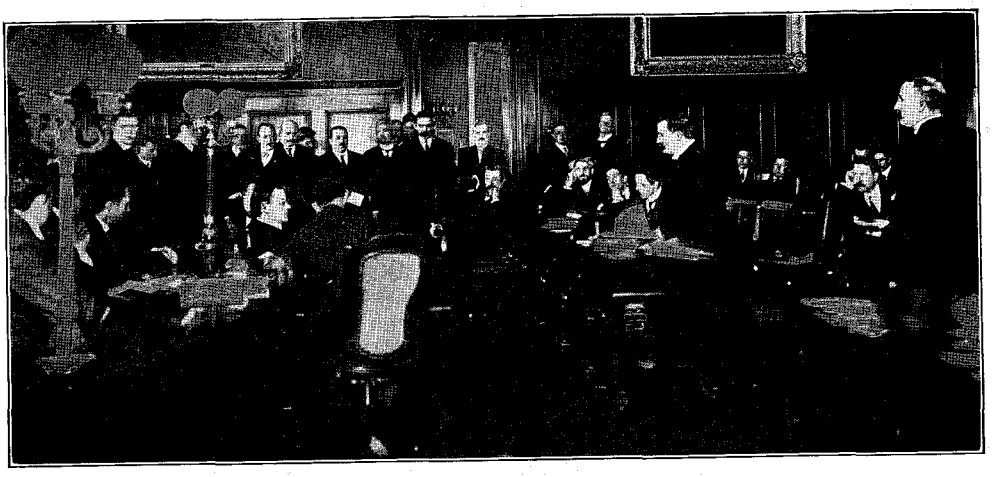
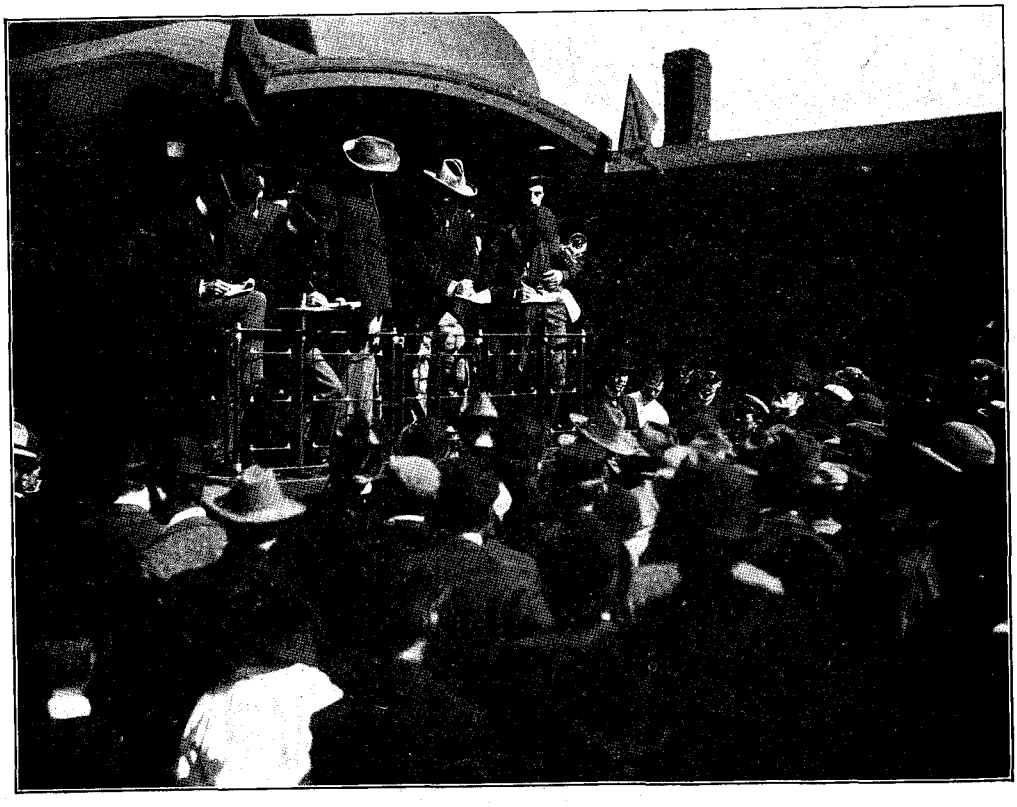


NEW YORK BOARD OF ALDERMEN INVESTIGATING NEWSPAPER BRIBERY REPORTS REGARDING PORTCHESTER ELECTRIC RAILWAY

Charles W. Meade, City Editor of "The Tribune" in the witness chair.



REPORTERS ACCOMPANYING PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON A SPECIAL TRAIN AND TAKING DOWN HIS SPEECH.

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It may be asked, What is an illustration of the discretion of a political correspondent? I answer: Several of the correspondents were chatting with President McKinley in his office in the White House early in 1900. Senator Hanna dropped in and the President said: "Mark, you're the very man I want to see. I want to tell you that you mustn't push that subsidy bill of yours this session. I know it's the pride of your heart, but you mustn't do it. It's not wise. It won't do." The correspondents who were present merely sent to their newspapers that night the information that there was little or no likelihood that Senator Hanna's ship subsidy bill would go through that winter. Again, when President McKinley was berated for not hurrying along the war with Spain, he told the correspondents, "I haven't got enough of that big brown powder on hand yet. We are pushing the mills as fast as possible." The correspondents gave a number of reasons for the delay in the war preparations, all truthful, but they neglected to give the real reason in their dispatches to their newspapers. That would have been too good reading for Spain, and might have injured our cause. When a party leader or a Governor tells a correspondent that such and such a party associate is an infernal thief, the correspondent does not print it that way; he merely announces that there has been a severe dispute over the distribution of patronage, and he is prepared in some cases to write the downfall of the delinquent subordinate. The science of politics is so merged with the science of government that when the correspondents were told that an American consul was discovered betraying the national Administration's secrets to Spain and were requested to suppress the news, there was nothing left but to obey the request even though they suggested that the traitor should be taken out and shot. The editors of all great newspapers are kept constantly informed of all these and a thousand equally confidential matters by their men, usually by a telegraphic cipher code, but sometimes by private letters.

THE AMEN CORNER.

An organisation which has attracted some attention within the last few years is known as the Amen Corner, and very many people have taken it to be a newspaper man's organisation. It is nothing of the kind. The Amen Corner is made up of eleven incorporators, who represent a sentiment and not a fact. Any man who has ever sat in the Amen Corner of the Fifth Avenue Hotel is practically entitled to a seat at the annual dinners of the Corner, no matter who he may be, no matter what his politics may be, or his vocation. The President of the United States is no bigger at an Amen Corner dinner than a barkeeper. The Amen Corner Corporation was organised a number of years ago for fun and frolic and nothing more. It has no purpose to serve, political, social, or business. It is intended to be a gathering of good fellows, who once a year can get round a dinner table and forget for one night at least the conflicts of politics, the meannesses of political agitation, and try to see the good points in all assembled at that table. A Democrat is just as welcome to a seat at the Amen Corner dinner as a Republican, and a Mugwump is just as highly regarded. Heretics and pagans sit side by side with Christian and Jew, and everybody has a good time. These dinners have developed until they are as well known as the famous Gridiron Club dinners of Washington, and like the Gridiron Club dinners the Amen Corner dinners have made it plain to all the world that in the political field men are but pawns on the political chessboard, and that it is not well at times to undertake to solve all of the political problems in the universe at one and the same sitting. Ulysses S. Grant and Chester A. Arthur were famous members of the Amen Corner, but that was long before the Corner became a corporate body. The Amen Corner was so named first by Wilbur J. Chamberlin, of the *Sun*, and he named it in an article in the *Sun* because the plush lounges or settees in two of the corners of the hotel corridor were arranged at right angles, similar to what Thackeray spoke of as an Amen Corner pew in a church in England. Every afternoon and evening all sorts and conditions of politicians, lawyers, business men, and men of almost every vocation in life, sit in the two Amen Corners of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and chat, and for many years the

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corridor of the hotel has been frequented by the newspaper political reporters. All are hand and glove, nearly all are considered the best of good fellows, and very many important pieces of political news have been gathered in the Amen Corner.

COVERING A CONVENTION.

The question is frequently asked as to how many men a great metropolitan newspaper sends to write up a national convention. Speaking of my own paper in this matter, I have never known it to send more than four men to one of these conventions. A number of the other newspapers differ as to the number of men that should be sent, and I have frequently seen at a national convention anywhere from ten to twenty men representing one of the great metropolitan newspapers. It is not for me to speak in criticism of any New York newspaper, certainly I have not the slightest desire to do so, but it has been my experience that the fewer men that are sent to a national convention the better it will be for the newspaper they serve, and I base my statement on this ground, that if you get one good man to get the news of the situation and to write the proceedings of the convention, another to watch the deliberations of the Committee on Resolutions over the platform, another to take care of the contests, and another to write up the gossip and funny stories incident to a gathering of anywhere from ten to twenty thousand persons who attend these conventions, there will be no duplication, no repetition, and none of the muddle implied in the old adage that too many cooks spoil the broth. Yet, when I make that statement I am perfectly aware that men of far wider executive experience than mine differ with me radically on this matter. I should be content, however, with the statement that I have made, when I recall that the policy of the *Sun* in these matters has been directed for a quarter of a century by my sagacious friend Chester S. Lord, the managing editor of that newspaper.

Sometimes the political correspondents travel with the delegates and prospective candidates, and sometimes they don't. On such trips, though, the political correspondent, as he passes through the big cities, generally has a long despatch to drop off to be sent back to his newspaper telling of the opinions of those on the train with him. Sometimes many pranks are played on the newspaper men, and I know of one prank that a newspaper man played upon a whole political organisation as it travelled to a national convention a number of years ago. This newspaper man had a compartment in the sleeper, and he was writing away for dear life in order to have a despatch ready to be sent back from time to time to his home office. There were many convivial spirits aboard the train, most of whom thought that the newspaper man might suffer from thirst, and between New York and St. Louis the convivial ones sent to the compartment occupied by the newspaper man seventeen quart bottles of champagne, and not one of them was returned; and yet, that newspaper man was perfectly sober when he turned out at St. Louis with a delegation that was more or less tired. The explanation did not come until long after, and not until the reputation of that newspaper man had been established as one of the greatest drinkers in the country, a reputation which he had gained on that train. It turned out, however, that as the seventeen quarts of champagne were placed, one by one, upon his table and the door of the compartment closed, they were thrown out of the window untouched.

The work of a national convention has caused many newspaper men to faint with fatigue. The strain for a week or ten days, and sometimes for two weeks, is nerve destroying. The average newspaper political correspondent works on an average twenty hours out of the twenty-four at these conventions. His hotel accommodations are invariably of the best, for the reason that they are secured months before, on the very night that the convention city is settled upon by the national committees of the parties. Many correspondents have telegraph wires running into their rooms, which connect directly with their home office in New York City; but I have never done this for the reason that late at night, at one or two o'clock in the morning, a big piece of news is likely to turn up which can be put on a dozen wires at one and the same time in the main office, whereas

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if you have two or three wires in your hotel rooms there would be very great delay in transmission.

The political correspondent of a great metropolitan newspaper is expected to know at these conventions the leading men who are directing affairs, and who tell him confidentially what is going on. There is little or no proscription as to what he shall print, as long as it is the news, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the leaders don't care to have their names printed as authority for these statements. They have their reasons for avoiding publicity at the time, and yet they are perfectly friendly to the newspaper men with whom they are familiar and of whose integrity and discretion they have had full experience. The anecdotes of the national conventions of the two parties for the last twenty-five years would occupy many a volume. As a sample, I will tell an incident which occurred at the Minneapolis Convention in 1892, when General Harrison was a candidate for renomination, and when he was bitterly opposed by the followers of James G. Blaine and many warm friends of William McKinley. The anti-Harrison people, made up of the Blaine people and the McKinley people, joined hands, believing that in that way they could break the force of the Harrison army; and every day and night Emmons Blaine would rush into my room at the West House and proclaim to me "Keep my father to the front; keep McKinley to the front, and we'll beat that man Harrison out of his boots." It was not to be. Harrison won the renomination after a terrible conflict. William McKinley escaped a nomination in a year which was strongly anti-Republican; Emmons Blaine died suddenly a week after the convention, and was soon followed to the grave by his eminent and distinguished father.

Speaking of eminent men in political life, the political reporter and political correspondent while being very careful not to betray the confidences reposed in him, should be equally on his guard against having men in public place betray him or his newspaper. I can easily recall a number of experiences of my own, and especially one where two of the most eminent public men jointly dictated a typewritten interview and asked to have it printed. Each had made interpolations in his own handwriting in the interview, which I dictated to a stenographer and put on the telegraph wire. The following morning, when it was printed, these two eminent statesmen called on me and said, "We are going to deny that interview." I asked the reason why, and they replied, "It has gone off at the breach and not at the muzzle, as we expected." And then I gently informed these two statesmen, as I pulled the original copy out of my inside pocket, containing their interpolations in their own handwriting, that if they denied that interview the original copy would be lithographed and presented to the readers of the *Sun*. So that newspaper men must be on their guard in dealing with politicians quite as much as politicians should be on their guard in dealing with indiscreet newspaper men.

I will recur to the work of the newspaper men at a national convention, and go on to say that it is by no means an extraordinary feat for any one of these political correspondents to write from twenty to thirty thousand words a night. He usually dictates his matter as the manual labour involved would be far beyond his physical abilities to perform under such exasperating circumstances. At a national convention the visiting newspaper men are the guests of all the clubs, and so are the leading delegates to the convention, and these clubs are therefore a common meeting ground for the exchange of views and news.

ELECTION NIGHT.

A big newspaper office on Election night is a sight. Contrary to general opinion it is usually the quietest spot in the country. It ought to be, at least, if good work is to be performed. Two hundred telegraph wires are running into this newspaper office bringing the returns from the remotest county, town and hamlet. These must all be tabulated, and the work must be done with the greatest rapidity. In a presidential year nowadays the returns in a newspaper office not only include the presidential vote, but the vote for Governors and Congressmen, and Senators, and very often, it should be said, the vote for a Governor or a Congressman, or a State Senator is

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considered by some to be fully as important as the vote for the presidential electors; with some it is very much more so. In the old days it sometimes took a week, sometimes a month, for the result of a presidential election to be known to the people at large. Under the system now prevailing in most of the great newspaper offices, the result can be determined long before midnight. This system includes a computation by averages of the vote in the last presidential or in the last gubernational year, and this system of averages is almost perfect in portraying the drift of sentiment which aids the mathematical sharps in the newspaper offices on Election night to announce the result. Every man in that newspaper office is keyed up to the highest pitch. Even the office boys partake of the keen excitement. The work of months either for or against a candidate is now about to be demonstrated, and the feelings of the people all over the country as to policies, and their liking or disliking, are about to be recorded. In the presidential campaign of 1884 it was Mr. Lord, the managing editor of the *Sun*, who announced the morning after election that Grover Cleveland had been elected, and in view of the attitude of the *Sun* in that presidential campaign, the announcement of Mr. Cleveland's election by that newspaper was all the more significant, and yet it was not until several months afterward that the result was finally and officially determined. In the campaign of 1892, when Mr. Cleveland was overwhelmingly victorious, he would hardly believe the returns sent to him by the various newspaper offices, and it was not until sunrise on the morning after election that he went to bed convinced that he was again to be President of the United States. Presidential candidates nowadays usually remain in their homes during the canvass, making speeches from their porches to visiting delegations, and on all of those occasions the newspaper men are present, and usually furnished with a copy of the speech for the day, so that nothing is left to hap-hazard reporting and a quick interpretation of the candidate's utterances.

THE CAMPAIGN TOUR.

When presidential candidates travel in special trains in recent campaigns, they are accompanied by a corps of stenographers who stand beside them as they make their speeches from the tail end of the car, and afterwards these stenographers knock out the candidate's speeches on typewriters, and usually before they are handed to the newspaper men to put on the wires they are submitted to the candidate for any revision he may desire. The system, in other words, is a good deal like that of speeches made in the House of Representatives before they are printed in the *Congressional Record*. Very few candidates, on their feet, can escape making what are considered breaks, and which may be open to false construction by their adversaries, and so it is generally considered to be the proper thing for them to have an opportunity to revise their speeches before they are given to the newspapers. In the Bryan campaign of 1896, a dear old friend of mine, Major Stofer, a Washington newspaper man, coming through Pittsburg with Mr. Bryan, at three o'clock in the morning, made a speech for Mr. Bryan. A great audience had assembled, eager to hear the candidate, and Mr. Bryan was utterly exhausted by his day's labours. It was decided not to arouse him, and Major Stofer, seizing the grey slouch hat worn by Mr. Bryan rushed out to the tail end of the car, and inasmuch as Major Stofer himself has a smug, clean-shaven face like Mr. Bryan, the audience did not detect the imposition. Major Stofer made as good a speech that morning as Mr. Bryan ever did in his life.

Presidential candidates as a rule are worked very hard by the campaign managers. There is a humourous play by George Ade which has had a good run in New York City, and in which the campaign manager turns to the candidate who is protesting against certain policies, and exclaims, "Why, you are only the candidate." This recalls an incident of the McKinley-Roosevelt campaign of 1900, when Mr. Roosevelt, the candidate for Vice-President, arrived in Chicago after his terribly exhaustive trip through the Western and Pacific Slope States. The present Postmaster-General, Henry C. Payne, had charge of that part of Mr. Roosevelt's trip, and every day for over a month he had scheduled Mr. Roosevelt

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to speak anywhere from ten to twenty times. Mr. Roosevelt, when he reached Republican headquarters in Chicago, protested to Mr. Payne, and he told his friends that Mr. Payne was driving him too hard and that he could not stand the work, and that he believed he would kick over the traces. Mr. Payne patted Mr. Roosevelt on the back and sympathised with him, and told him it was indeed a very hard campaign, and that he must be a good boy, and then Mr. Payne handed the Vice-Presidential candidate a long schedule of dates for other speeches, and sent Mr. Roosevelt through Indiana and other States, pretty much after the same fashion that a theatrical manager would send out a star actor, telling him where and when to play, and what pieces he was to perform. Mr. Roosevelt, like a good soldier, obeyed orders.

THE GOLD PLANK OF 1896.

I have been asked to speak in this article concerning the origin of the famous Gold Plank which was thrust upon Mr. Hanna in 1896 at St. Louis, when Mr. Hanna was informed that if he did not accept that platform his candidate for the Presidency, Mr. McKinley, might be defeated for the nomination in the convention. I am not at liberty at the present time to give the full details of where that plank came from, but sometimes I am amused to read the utterances of various claimants like Senator Joseph Benson Foraker, of Ohio, ex-Governor Merriam, of Minnesota, and others. The day will come when it can be easily proved that the late Charles A. Dana, and the present owner of the New York *Sun*, William M. Laffan, together with Senator Thomas C. Platt, had more to do with the writing of the Gold Plank than the various aspirants for fame who have hitched their kites to a star.

LIBELS AND PERSONAL ENCOUNTERS.

Every now and then you hear something about the relations of the political reporters to the politicians whom they attack, and the threats of libel suits and of physical violence. There is very little of that nowadays, for the reason that the political reporters and correspondents of rank and standing do not strike politicians below the belt, that is, they don't print anything about the politicians that is not perfectly susceptible of proof, and, moreover, the attack on a politician is not made for personal reasons, nor from personal vindictiveness or animosity, but because the political reporter and the political correspondent in serving his newspaper is compelled to state the facts about the politician, and libel suits growing out of political quarrels are very rare. Many of the politicians seem to believe in the policy of accepting the ills with which they are confronted rather than to fly to others that they know not of. The last evidence of physical violence on the part of a politician to a newspaper correspondent was when a Tammany Assemblyman at Albany struck one of the representatives of the New York *Times*, a man at the time dying of consumption. Mr. George F. Spinney, chief correspondent of the *Times* at the time, resented the outrage upon his subordinate, and thrashed that big burly Tammany Assemblyman within an inch of his life. In Southern States there have been one or two murders of newspaper men, and, as usual, the politician has escaped conviction.

NEWSPAPER MEN IN POLITICS.

While, as I have said, the politician and the newspaper man are naturally at cross purposes, the former trying with all his might to keep his plans secret and the latter equally energetic in getting those plans for publication, it may be said that in many ways there is a strong affiliation between politicians and newspaper men, and that newspaper men very often become prominent in political life. Most of the private secretaries of the Presidents of the United States have been newspaper men, and newspaper men like James G. Blaine and John Hay have attained very great prominence in public affairs. Many politicians rely upon newspaper men for guidance, and as a result as they become older some of the newspaper men are appointed to consulships and other places in the national and State governments. But it is the invariable rule that when these newspaper men forsake their vocation they become of little or no value to the politician or party which has conferred upon them the benefaction, for the reason that they have little or no influence in the newspaper

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office to which they were attached, and their places are quickly filled by others. There is not space enough in this article to give the impressions of newspaper men of big politicians and statesmen. I can only give instances. I have already spoken in one or two lines of Mr. Cleveland. President Roosevelt has a great many friends among newspaper men, and yet the President is mighty sensitive to newspaper criticism. Very few political correspondents nowadays care very much what David B. Hill says or doesn't say, and the same can be said of Governor Odell. Richard Croker and most of the newspaper men were as a rule jolly good friends, and yet Mr. Croker was as sensitive as a woman over newspaper criticism. But he had a way of hiding it, and of suppressing his emotions whether of joy or resentment; and for that matter, the same remarks will apply to Senator Thomas C. Platt. Very few American statesmen were better beloved by newspaper men than William McKinley. When McKinley was a Congressman the newspaper men were his friends, and he was their friend. He would labouriously explain to them the features of his tariff bill, and they on their part would always see to it that the Major, as he was affectionately called, was correctly quoted as to his attitude on tariff matters. In the White House President McKinley was utterly frank and candid to his newspaper friends, well knowing that he could trust to their discretion to state the news he gave them, and never to violate the accepted rule in public life that "A President is never interviewed."

POLITICAL GRATITUDE.

Politicians expect a great deal of newspaper men, and it is not too much to say that the politician gets out of the newspaper very much more in the way of support than he ever gives in the way of news. To illustrate this, I should like to speak of an incident which occurred a number of years ago, where a certain eminent politician did a most trivial kindness for a certain newspaper, and in the hurly-burly the newspaper correspondent failed properly to thank the politician, who, by-the-way, had for nearly a quarter of a century received from that newspaper the most loyal and sturdy support. "You didn't thank me for what I did the other day?" said this eminent politician to the correspondent; and the correspondent replied, "Didn't I? Well, I am sure I meant to, but if I didn't I want to thank you now. But even if I did not, will you let me say that if you had cared to thank my newspaper for what it has done for you in the last twenty-five years you would have had to keep a cab in front of your office every hour in the day trying to thank it. No; but the editor of my paper didn't want any thanks from you. He merely supported you because he believed you to be an honest man, and that your principles were right; and now you complain to me because I failed to pour out upon you an avalanche of thanks for this trivial kindness, you say that I haven't thanked you." "Well, well," replied the distinguished statesman, "do you know that I had not thought of what your newspaper had done for me; and what you say is true, that in order to thank the editor of your newspaper for what he has done for me I should have kept a cab in front of my office every day for the last twenty-five years, in which to ride and thank him."

Many newspaper men are prone to say politicians have no real friends among them, and that the politician only uses a newspaper man, and when the man's usefulness has gone, he, the politician, flings him away like a squeezed-out orange. That is a most absurd statement to make, in my estimation, for the reason that no political reporter or correspondent should ever permit himself to be placed in a position where he can be flung away by a politician. Politicians very often complain that political articles are erroneous, but when the source or authority for these political articles is hunted up, it will be found that the very politicians complaining of them gave the inaccurate news of which they complain so loudly. I have known few, very few, newspaper political writers who cared to write anything save the truth, the exact truth, and nothing but the truth, what they believed to be the truth, or what was given to them for the truth.

After considering all the perplexities and hardships of a political correspondent's life, and recalling with vividness

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the friction incident to many battle-fields, I can only quote the lines of a modern author: "Let the bad pass. I have met far more honest kindly faces than deceitful ones, and I prefer to remember the former. Plenty of honest kindly hands have grasped mine, and such are the hands that I like to grasp again in thought."

TRICK OF THE FAMILIAR TOUCH AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

IN a poem called *The Queen's Chronicler,* Mr. Stephen Gwynn once paid a tribute to that gossipy French gentleman, the Siegneur de Brantôme, which somehow lingers in the memory. The poem itself is a spirited rehearsal of the story of Mary Stuart, according to the version of the *Dames Illustres;* its metre is an *ottava rima,* possessing a good deal of the Byronic cadence, especially in the closing couplet of each stanza, such as:

All this we all have read in song and ballad,
But, Brantôme adds, she only took a salad;

and then follows the parenthetic line that is worth remembering,

His small, familiar touches are delightful,
Making one see.

Naively self-complacent, over-garrulous, and often unreliable as a historian, Brantôme may have been; but Mr. Gwynn is right in recognising his pre-eminence among the old chroniclers in the art of helping us to see, an art which is none too common even in the present day, because, before you can make others see, you must be able to see very clearly yourself—and this some authors never learn to do. The secret of it, as Mr. Gwynn points out, lies in the trick of the small, familiar touch. Unfortunately, it is a trick not readily learned; some writers seem to come by it instinctively, while others never acquire it at all. It is not a thing you can teach by rule and line; it is not even easily defined, but there is no mistaking it where it exists. One writer will take whole pages in describing a man's personal appearance, minutely and patiently, feature by feature, line by line, as though he were making a delicate etching. And in the end the impression given is so vague that you would hesitate to pick out that particular man from a company of twenty. And another writer will draw his hero with half a dozen brief, rapid pen-strokes, seizing only the salient points, the features that stamp that man's individuality and differentiate him from every other man in the whole world. And the feeling which you bring away from such a writer is the conviction that you would recognise his hero if you unexpectedly met him to-morrow on the busiest corner of the city's crowded streets. It was part of the creed of realists like Maupassant and the De Goncourts that if they were describing a peddler's wagon, passing along the highway, they should so describe it that you would ever afterwards remember that wagon and that peddler and that horse, and be able to distinguish them from all the others of their kind. Some novelists have a gift for what Mr. Howells is fond of calling "little miracles of observation." The seize upon a trick of the voice, a fleeting facial expression, a quaint or unusual turn of speech, a peculiarity, *gauche* or charming, of walk or gesture. It is one of the small triumphs of the realistic school that its methods tend to develop the direct observation which results in this sort of illuminating detail. And yet the trick of the familiar touch is not the prerogative of any particular school of fiction. It belongs to realist, psychologue and romanticist alike; and neither Balzac nor Zola was ever more dependent upon it than is Mr. H. G. Wells when he is forcing us to form vivid mental pictures of fantastic nightmares in Mars or in the moon.

The novelist, like the painter, is a man with his brain full of pictures; his serious business in life is to reproduce these pictures for others to enjoy. The one man

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paints with a brush and a colour-tube; the other with a pen and the pigment of words; but their methods are essentially the same. No matter how faultless the brushwork, how unfaltering the pen-stroke, the pictures must fail if the artist lacks the vital gift of visualisation and the instinct to single out from the myriad unessential details the few things which really count. There may be times when an author has some reason for giving, with the mechanical thoroughness of a photographic lens, the contents of a shop or office or bedroom, the pots and pans in a kitchen dresser, the line of linen just hung out to dry. Such a method is often effective to give an impression of the tedious minutes that the hero is kept waiting in uncongenial surroundings. There may even be a valid excuse for forcing the reader to delay page after page, counting the squares in the carpet, the roses on the wall-paper, for the purpose of making him sympathise with the mental sufferings of a nerve-racked invalid, doomed to lie for days and months, contemplating that ceaseless procession of squares and roses following each other back and forth with the dull persistence of a nightmare.

For the most part, however, the author who wearies us with trivial details and, every time he enters a new room, proceeds to take an account of stock, as it were, unconsciously departs from the truth of life. The normal man or woman, on entering a strange room does not proceed to make a methodical inventory of its contents, but simply notes a few salient objects, and brings away a general impression of refinement or careless comfort or sordid misery. One of the commonest and most tantalising faults of the novelist who lacks the trick of the familiar touch is his tendency to generalise. He will talk of his hero's palatial country seat, and leave you to guess whether it is Gothic or Colonial; he will expatiate upon its lavish decorations and costly hangings, and forget to mention whether the dominant tone is green or terra-cotta; he will tell you of book-shelves, with their tempting array of well chosen volumes, and will not mention the title or author of a single one of them. In fact, it is only when you begin to watch for it that you will realise how widespread this tendency to generalise has become. There are a thousand little things which you want to know that the average novelist forgets to tell you. Does the house face north or south, and does the sun stream in through the windows of the breakfast room? What particular newspaper lies on the breakfast table every morning, and do the family drink coffee, chocolate or tea? What paintings or photographs hang upon the walls, and is the open sheet of music on the piano Chopin or the latest ragtime? These are some of the familiar touches which escape the generalising novelist, because he does not realise the value of the small, concrete facts of life, or the magic which lies in a proper name. When you know a man's favourite author and composer, the games he plays and the things he likes to eat and drink, you are further on the road to close acquaintance than if you had dealt with him for ten years in a business way.

In the hands of the real masters of fiction, however, the purpose of the familiar touch is not merely to make us see, but to make us remember. In real life, when you meet a man or a woman for the first time, there is something about them, some distinctive feature or mannerism, that imprints itself on your memory; and whenever you see them afterwards that particular feature or trick of manner is the first thing you recognise. In a story, however, the author draws you a portrait once for all; he cannot pause at every chapter to tell you over again the shape of his hero's nose, the colour of his heroine's hair and eyes,—although when D'Annunzio applied the principle of the Wagnerian *Leitmotiv* to narrative prose he was really trying to print permanent pictures on the mind by endless repetition. The virile writers of the younger school of English fiction, men like Kipling and Conrad and Maurice Hewlett, have never felt the need of such a device; and when they draw you a picture in just a few strong, clean pen-strokes, you cannot forget the idea they are expressing, because you cannot forget the forceful Anglo-Saxon monosyllables in which it was couched.

A few years ago it would have seemed incongruous to class together the authors

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of such widely different books as *The Forest Lovers, The Nigger of the Narcissus,* and *The Story of the Gadsbys.* But they have been travelling forward along steadily converging roads, until to-day the Kipling of *Kim,* the Conrad of *Heart of Darkness,* the Hewlett of *Richard Yea-and-Nay,* seem to form a little group apart from other writers, and distinguished by a certain dynamic quality of words, an ability to wring new and subtle meanings out of old and well-worn forms of speech, and a trick of making you see behind and beyond the printed page, down a lengthening vista of thoughts unspoken, oftentimes unspeakable. Of the three, Mr. Hewlett has had by far the longest road to travel. Kipling in India, Conrad in Africa and the South Sea Islands, could freely let their pens run riot in pyrotechnic outbursts of local colour; they were simply painting what they saw, and scarcely keeping pace with the tropical luxuriance of the life around them. Mr. Hewlett's stories, on the contrary, are largely of the stuff that dreams are made of; he writes of people and of scenes that he has never visited, save through the pages of musty volumes; because the scenes of his stories are the world of the Middle Ages, and his heroes and heroines are men and women whose hearts have been for centuries a handful of dust. Tapestry Novel is the phrase that was first coined to fit such a book as *The Forest Lovers,* and it admirably expresses the impression that you get of an almost feminine delicacy of workmanship, as though each phrase were a separate knot of silken threads, carefully chosen and tied and cut, in the slow, labourious progress of the woven picture. But the wonder is that Mr. Hewlett's knights and ladies, who so obviously have just stepped forth from dim, old hangings, seem suddenly to flush into the warmth of life and youth and riotous passion. If any one of the trio has excelled in picturing the tumultuous joys and sorrows of life, it is Maurice Hewlett, rather than Joseph Conrad or Rudyard Kipling.

Mr. Hewlett's latest volume, *The Queen's Quair,* is unquestionably the most unique contribution to this season's fiction. One quality it has in common with *Richard Yea-and-Nay,*—it leaves you quite indifferent as to how many other writers before him have handled the same theme. The Richard of Mr. Hewlett may or may not be the Richard of history, or of *Ivanhoe* and *The Talisman;* but he is a living, breathing human being, full of fierce contradictions and undisciplined passions, a man whom we can see and understand as we have never seen and understood the more shadowy Richard of history. Similarly, his Mary Stuart may not be the Mary Stuart of the old chroniclers or the modern poets; but he has made her a tangible reality, always more of a woman than a queen,—a slight, frail woman, wayward, changeful and moody; full of the witchery of sex, and desperately dependent upon human sympathy and adulation. In *Richard Yea-and-Nay,* however, Mr. Hewlett had an easier task. He was less hampered by the recorded facts; he could still give free play to his imagination, without robbing the volume of its convincing quality. But the story of Mary, Queen of Scots is not merely a twice-told tale; it has been told a hundred times. Every reader knows beforehand precisely what is coming; there are no surprises held in reserve; and no magic of cunningly wrought phrases could cheat us into accepting a version at variance with the familiar facts, nor has Mr. Hewlett ventured to disregard them. On the contrary, he seems to have studied the original sources with the conscientious and exhaustive minuteness of a serious historian. He has saturated himself with the contents of musty tomes and yellowed letters; the uniqueness of his work lies in the use that he has made of his materials. He seems so unhesitatingly sure of the psychological value of each one of these old chronicles and diaries and memoirs; here is a writer, he tells you, who was mistaken; here is another who blundered badly, and a third who lied boldly and with malevolent purpose. Sometimes he will take a voluminous document, on which the methodical historian sets great store, and he will get from it just one suggestive fact, one single luminous phrase, and then fling it carelessly aside, like a wrung-out cloth. And again, he will seize upon some fugitive page, some half forgotten letter, and absorb it greedily, turning and

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analysing and dwelling upon it, until he tricks you into the belief that here at last is the heart of the mystery. And thus, without meddling with the accepted facts of history, he has so subtly and insidiously probed down below the surface and suggested secret motive of love and hatred, jealousy, anger and shame, that the result is an interwoven tissue of fact and fancy which only an historical expert could unravel. Probably not since the days of Herodotus have truth and fiction been more ingeniously blended.

What strikes the reader most forcibly, however, on every page of *The Queen's Quair,* is the ability which Mr. Hewlett shares with Brantôme, to make us see. He will take a dry-as-dust paragraph from some musty old chronicle, a mere catalogue of old Scotch names; and he will throw in a phrase here, a single adjective there, which will turn that catalogue of names into a portrait gallery of vivid, speaking likenesses. There is one passage almost at the outset of the book, which every reviewer is likely to quote, not merely because it is the portrait of Mr. Hewlett's heroine, but because it illustrates better, perhaps, than any other paragraph in the whole volume, the wonderful and striking vividness that he can gain by the use of simple, every-day Anglo-Saxon words. A foreigner, reading it, might almost infer that English, like Chinese, was a monosyllabic language.

> A tall, slim girl, petted and pettish, pale yet not unwholesome, she looked like a flower of the heath, lax and delicate. Her skin—but more, the very flesh of her—seemed transparent, with colour that warmed it from within, faintly, with a glow of fine rose. They said that when she drank you could see the red wine run like fire down her throat; and it may be partly believed. . . . The Cardinal, who was no rhapsodist, admitted her clear skin, but denied that she was a beautiful girl—even for a queen. Her nose, he judged, was too long, her lips were too thin, her eyes too narrow. He detested her trick of the sidelong look. . . . Beautiful she may not have been; but fine, fine she was all over—sharply, exquisitely cut and modelled; her sweet, smooth chin, her amorous lips, bright red where all else was pale as a tinged rose; her sensitive nose; her broad, high brows; her neck, which two hands could hold, her small shoulders and bosom of a child. She had sometimes an intent, considering, wise look—the look of the Queen of Desire, who knew not where to set the bounds of her need, but revealed to no one what that need was.

"Her trick of the sidelong look,"—there is one of those small, familiar touches that have magic in them. It recalls at once a peculiarity in the eyes of more than one familiar portrait of the Queen of Scots,—a peculiarity that seemed to elude a definition. Now that Mr. Hewlett has put it into words, it fairly haunts us; nowhere in the book can we get away from it; at every turn of the page, we are asking ourselves to what extent the effect of the queen's words is enhanced by that trick of the sidelong glance.

As to the story, there seems small profit in dwelling here upon what every reader knows in advance; while the especial shadows and high lights added by Mr. Hewlett cannot be given at second hand. All the old, familiar figures enter and play their part,—names that have a halo of romance and poetry around them; the bevy of the queen's Marys; Châtelard, and Darnley, and Rizzio; the whole host of Scottish lords, with Bothwell, like a malignant star, always in the ascendant. He is a well drawn villain, Earl Bothwell; Mr. Hewlett shows no small self-satisfaction in filling in the lines; there are times when he seems fairly to gloat over him: "A galliard, if ever there was one, flushed with rich blood, broad-shouldered, square-jawed, with a laugh so happy and so prompt that the world, rejoicing to hear it, thought all must be well wherever he might be. He wore brave clothes, sat a brave horse, kept brave company bravely. His little eyes twinkled so merrily that you did not see they were like a pig's, sly and greedy at once, and blood-shot." And then follows another of those luminous little touches: "The bridge of his nose had been broken; few observed it, or guessed at the brawl which must have given it to him." You are not long in finding out that next to the queen, Bothwell is the chief feature in *The Queen's Quair.* Indeed, it may be defined as the story of idealism, but strong in every page, with the erratic strength of human passion and human error. And here, in a paragraph, is the epilogue:

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With how high a head came she in, she and her cohort of maids, to win wild Scotland! Where were they? They had received their crowns, but she had besoiled and bedraggled hers. They had lovers, they had children, they had troops of friends; but she who had sought with panting mouth for very love had no friend in Scotland but a girl and a poor boy. You say she misused her friends. I deny that a girl set up where she was could have any friends at all. She was a well of sweet profit—the Honeypot; and they swarmed about her for their meat like house-flies; and when that was got, and she drained dry, they departed by the window in clouds, to settle and fasten about the nearest provand they could meet with; carrion or honey-comb, man's flesh, dog's flesh, or maid's flesh, what was it to them? In those days of dreadful, silent waiting at Borthwick, less than a month after marriage, I tell you very plainly that she was beggared of all that she had in the world, and knew it. The glutted flies had gone by the window, the gorged rats had scampered by the doors. So she remained alone with the man she had risked all to get, who was scheming to be rid of her.

Margaret Horton Potter is one of the younger adherents of the school of Tapestry Fiction. Her *Castle of Twilight* was a gloomy book, with a chill of the crypt about it; yet it had more than a suggestion of the time-dimmed splendours of rare old fabrics, wrought in mediæval days. It pictured feudal life from the inside,—the home life of the women, whose husbands and brothers and sons had ridden forth to distant wars and crusades; and the lot of the mothers and daughters was to sit and wait in the twilight of castle halls for the news that they feared to hear. Her new volume, *The Flame-Gatherers,* is less suggestive of faded tapestry than of the gorgeous colouring and fantastic symbolism of an Oriential carpet. It is a story of India at the time of the Mohammedan invasion, a strange, barbaric picture, of the order of Mr. Crawford's *Zoroaster,* or William Stearn Davis's *Belshazzar.* It shows us the court of a powerful Indian rajah, and tells of the unlawful love between the rajah's favorite wife and his slave and cup-bearer, a captive Mohammedan prince. There comes a day when these two lovers add to the sum of their misdeeds the murder of the rajah's prime minister, who has learned their secret, after which they seek to end their troubles beneath the waters of the river. Now at the hour when these two souls fly upward to meet their doom, a child is born to the household of a certain high-caste Brahmin priest,—a strange, unnatural child, of a curious dual nature, perpetually at war with itself, because the punishment decreed to those two sinful souls is that they shall live out the span of a human life within the narrow compass of a single body. There is no small degree of audacity in the author's conception of this abnormal being, for whom there is no peace or refuge, in any of the social or religious systems of India, in Brahmin priesthood or Buddhist monastery. There are underlying thoughts which she shrinks from putting into words, and for which she cites page and verse from the *Sacred Books of the East,* where the curious reader may obtain full enlightenment. In short, she has handled a daring subject with so much discretion as to have effectually obscured her meaning at the start; and it is some time before a sufficient light dawns upon the reader to make him remember the lines of Swinburne:

> To what strange end hath some strange god made fair
> The double blossom of two fruitless flowers?

Taken as a whole, *The Flame-Gatherers* leaves an impression of tropical luxuriance and flamboyant coloring; but the separate colors seem to melt and run together; they leave no clear-cut picture. In the whole volume there is nothing so distinct and tangible, so unmistakably redolent of the East as a single verse of Kipling's *Mandalay.*

At the opposite extreme from the authors who fail to make one see, there are just a few who, like Mrs. E. L. Voynich, make one see altogether too much. In spite of an exasperating tendency towards melodrama, Mrs. Voynich possesses a good deal of crude strength; but she persistently expends it upon unpleasant subjects. *Jack Raymond* alone of her books was deliberately repellent in its morbid and unmentionable suggestiveness; but socialism, anarchy, police espionage, and nameless horrors and abuses of prison life are themes which she dwells upon with such pitiless insistence that the reader fairly shrinks away

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from the printed page. A chance caprice of the public probably had quite as much to do with the success of *The Gadfly* as the book's inherent merit; and it is doubtful whether her new story, *Olive Latham,* will ever attain a similar vogue, although it has much the same qualities and defects. The girl who gives her name to the story is an English hospital nurse, who falls in love with a young Russian socialist, a man who once came under the notice of the police, was arrested on suspicion, imprisoned on suspicion, and two years later liberated with his health permanently shattered, and his lungs seriously diseased. In London he is desperately ill with pleurisy, and the English girl saves him. Later, in St. Petersburg, he has a relapse; and she follows him there, and fights for his life, week after week. Then, at the period of sharpest cold, when her battle is almost won, there comes an order for re-arrest. Weak as a child, fainting with the effort to move, each breath cutting like a knife, he is taken from her, and hurried off to gasp out his life alone, in a damp, underground dungeon, beneath the waters of the Neva. Mrs. Voynich spares us his death scene; instead, she shows us the girl's desperate attempt to see him once more, her frenzied rush from one official to another, day after day, to be met only with smiling apologies, vague explanations, covert insults; and even after he is dead, the same game of evasion and delay goes on. The man passes from the reader's sight before the midway point of the book is reached; and the central motive of the story is not so much the part he has played in socialistic circles, as it is the effect of his death upon the girl, her long struggle on the brink of madness, and her final slow return to sanity and health.

To turn from a book like *Olive Latham* to the breezy vigour of James B. Connolly's new volume, *The Seiners,* is like escaping from galley chains to the sweet, pure air of the upper deck. A few years ago, when any mention was made of salt water fiction, there were just a few books that invariably came to mind,—Mr. Conrad's *Nigger of the Narcissus,* Rudyard Kipling's *Captains Courageous,* and Morgan Robertson's *Spun Yarn.* Last year, one more volume was added to the list, Mr. Connolly's *Out of Gloucester.* If ever a book was written that had in it not merely the clean, salt breath of the ocean, and the rush of tumbling waves and rollicking breezes, but also the elation of spirits that comes from battling with them, it is this little collection of simple stories from the lives of Gloucester fishermen. When a new writer has struck an original vein and worked it so successfully as Mr. Connolly did in his first book, there is always the fear that the vein may have been exhausted, leaving nothing more for the future. *The Seiners,* however, proves that in this case there is no such danger. It is a further installment of the same exhilarating pictures of the sea that we had in *Out of Gloucester,*—the daily incidents attendant upon the business of mackerel fishing in the height of a prosperous season; the arduous, all-night labour of "dressing down" a big catch; the tingling excitement of the drive for market; the wholesome joy of the daily friendly contest with wind and wave. The book was announced as Mr. Connolly's first attempt at a sustained story; and as a matter of fact, there is a thread of simple romance running through it,—the rivalry between an unpopular ship-owner and the finest and bravest fisherman in the fleet, for the hand of one of the prettiest girls in Gloucester. There is nothing very original or important about the plot, although it will probably serve to placate those readers who have an ingrained aversion to the short story. But any one who loves the smell of the brine, the tingle of salt spray on the cheek, the gleam of white sails against a gray sky, will forget all about the plot in his keen enjoyment of those simple, vivid word pictures,—for Mr. Connolly is unquestionably one of those writers who make you see things whether you want to or not.

David Graham Phillips has gained a widespread and not wholly undeserved reputation for picturing with a certain degree of originality and strength characters and situations that are representatively American. His new story, *The Cost,* may be considered fairly typical. The life depicted is unmistakably the life of the Middle West; the people, for the most part, are good, sound, wholesome folk, whom you feel that it would be pleasant to know more intimately. And

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yet, when you close the volume, you find that you have brought away no very clear impression of them. The fault cannot lie with the plot, which presents a clear-cut and interesting situation, although marred by an irritatingly conventional ending. It opens with a boy-and-girl attachment, which the girl's parents regard with smiling unconcern. But in course of time the boy develops into a headstrong, unprincipled youth, whose path is sown with a formidable crop of very unsavoury wild oats. One good point which Mr. Phillips makes regards the habit of taking for granted a precocious knowledge of good and evil on the part of the American girl. This is the mistake which this particular girl's parents make. They warn her against the man in such carefully euphemistic terms that she simply does not understand what they mean. Accordingly one day, when he urges her on to a secret marriage, she consents, feeling that their elders have treated them unjustly. The title of the book, of course, refers to the price that she has to pay later on, when she wakes to a knowledge not only of the man, but of her own heart, and finds that she has given it, not to him, but to another man. Good material for a strong story, you will say. And so it is, but marred throughout by a lack of vividness; for Mr. Phillips belongs to the class of novelists who generalise. It would be interesting, if time and space allowed, to go through the book, chapter by chapter, pointing out the absence of concrete facts, the lack of definite information on countless vital little points, that leaves the impression of a sort of puzzle picture, with blanks for the reader to fill in. Take as a single example the opening page, describing the heroine's home. The description occupies seventeen lines; there is something in it about bees and apricots and the smell of tan-bark after rain; yet all that we bring away with us is a nebulous impression of an "enchanted house," surrounded by "large grounds" containing "flower beds and shrub bushes," "shade and fruit trees." Just think, how the mere mention of mignonette or candytuft, baldwin or pippin, would have illumined that picture!

Other things being equal, you will find that woman writers usually make a better and more effective use of the familiar touch than men do. They are more sensitive to the vital significance of the small and humdrum things of life. Take for instance Neith Boyce, the author of *The Forerunner*. This writer has recently brought out, under the title of *The Folly of Others*, a collection of nine short stories, of varied length and merit, the longest of which, "The Provident Woman," attains the dimensions of a novelette, and might easily have been expanded into a serious novel. It is simply the story of a commonplace, middle-aged business man, who falls in love with his young and pretty stenographer; and of the girl's hesitation between her vague dreams of a very different sort of courtship and marriage, and her practical recognition of all the comforts and advantages that this man's money and position can give her. She is tired of her sordid home life, and of the careless, slatternly ways of her mother and younger sister; the vulgarity of the young men, whom they take as boarders, to eke out the weekly stipend; the rank odour of the eternal beef stew that nightly takes its place upon the table. And so the girl stifles an incipient romance which might in time have meant love in a cottage, and instead binds herself to a life of dull and splendid monotony in a palace. It would be difficult to find in recent fiction anything at once so simple, so clear, and so illustrative of the principles which the present article has tried to make clear concerning the power of the familiar touch.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

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SIX BOOKS OF THE DAY

I.

NEW LETTERS OF THOMAS CARLYLE.*

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL long ago quoted against Carlyle Carlyle's own comment upon Edward Irving:

"Unconsciously, for the most part in deep unconsciousness, there was now the impossibility to live neglected—to walk on the quiet paths where alone it is well with us. Singularity must henceforth succeed singularity. O foulest Circean draught, thou poison of Popular Applause! Madness is in thee and death. Thy end is Bedlam and the grave."

Nothing could be more strikingly applicable to Carlyle himself. At the beginning of his literary and pseudo-philosophical career he had certain gifts and qualities that won for him a remarkable recognition. A genuine fervour, a vast capacity for indignation, a white-hot vocabularly, and a style that was piquant, though Teutonically amorphous and dislocated to a degree, and finally the didactic tone of a preacher—all these made him seem a startling novelty. Lowell himself, even in the days of Carlyle's decadence, praised his imagination and his critical capacity. Moreover, in some of his historical studies, particularly in his work on Frederick the Great, he showed a prodigious amount of reading and an accurate documentation which won respect from those who cared nothing for his underlying theories.

But, in the end, Carlyle was the victim of his own literary manner. He felt more than Edward Irving ever did "the impossibility to live neglected—to walk on the quiet paths." The moral philosopher degenerated into the snarling dogmatist, the preacher into the ranter, the critic into the common scold. His fame would have been far more secure today had his death come earlier; for then he would not have been remembered chiefly because of his domestic infelicities into which of late the whole world has been asked to pry.

Of the letters and documents relating to Carlyle and published during the last three years by the heirs of Froude and by Carlyle's executors, the present volumes are the only ones that can be read without a sort of moral nausea. For that reason they are to be welcomed. In them we are not expected to consider the question of Carlyle's virility, or the cat-and-dog life which he led with the sharp-tongued, clever vixen who set his nerves and hers on edge by a perpetual hysteria, some times accentuated, and some times drugged, by bowls of strong green tea, by perpetual tobacco, and not infrequent opium. We find rather a correspondence *ad familiares* extending over the greater period of Carlyle's public life, that is, from 1836 to 1879. One derives from it nothing that is new concerning Carlyle's own personality; but it contains many casual opinions of his that serve to show his generally contemptuous attitude toward his contemporaries when these were of sufficient importance to possess a public reputation. Toward the obscure he could be fair, but toward the famous he seemed to entertain a sort of unconscious jealousy, and he speaks of them nearly always in either a hold-cheap tone or, not infrequently, in terms of absolute contempt. Thus, to him, Jowett was "a poor little good-humoured owlet of a body"; Emerson is hit off as having "mild, modest eyes, lips sealed together like a pair of pincers, and nobody minded him much"; Thackeray had "a great deal of talent in him, a great deal of sensibility—irritability, sensuality, vanity without limit—and nothing or little but sentimetalism and play-actorism to guide it all with." Of Froude's *Nemesis of Faith*, Carlyle pleasantly says: "What on earth is the use of a wretched mortal's vomiting up all his interior crudities, dubitations, and spiritual agonising bellyaches into the view of the public and howling tragically?" Ruskin is described as not wise—"headlong rather, and I might even say weak." Of Dickens, Carlyle declares that on the whole he is inferior to Bret

**New Letters of Thomas Carlyle.* Edited and annotated by Alexander Carlyle. Illustrated. 2 vols. New York: John Lane.

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Harte, who is "a man of more weight of metal than Dickens was." He thought Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities* a wonderful book, but possibly this opinion may have been influenced by the praise which Dickens gave to Carlyle in the preface to that novel. In fact, Carlyle was not at all averse to flattery; and when Bismarck wrote to him on the occasion of his eightieth birthday a complimentary letter, Carlyle replied, speaking of the letter as "noble, wise, sincere, and generous." In 1875, Harvard University conferred upon Carlyle the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, which seems to have been received in a spirit bordering upon good-humoured contempt.

"There has arrived from Harvard University a big Doctor's Diploma and sublime little Letter from the President of Harvard College with which I know not yet what to do; never having been consulted upon it and being resolute never to accept such a title, and yet reluctant to fling the whole affair irreverently in their faces, good souls who meant to gratify me highly!"

Altogether, this collection of letters gives as favourable a picture as possible of a man assured of his own supremacy over the rest of the human race, reasoning always under the influence of his emotions, flinging epithets and derogatory phrases broadcast, and exhibiting himself at every time and season as very, very Scotch. *H. T. P.*

II.

OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF ART.*

IF the books on art, its history and practice, which, in the past ten or fifteen years, have issued from the presses of America and Europe, may be taken as an indication of increased interest in the subject, there appears no good reason for calling ours an inartistic age. That it is so called in the face of this apparent evidence must be due to the fact that this curiosity concerning the art of the past, and, indeed, of the present also, arises, if not a love of the thing itself, then from a very laudable interest in its bearing on civilisation—in its ethnological manifestations and aspect. And from this point of view, if from no other, the fact is encouraging; for, as Lübke says in the preface to his fourth edition, published in London in 1868: "Who could doubt that this study is a necessary part of general history, and an important branch in the history of civilisation?" In reviewing this latest and in many respects sumptuous edition, just published by Dodd, Mead & Company, "edited, minutely revised, largely rewritten, and brought up to the present time" by the eminent writer and art critic, Russell Sturgis, it may be well to say a few words in advance concerning the original work itself, and then to compare it somewhat with later and revised editions.

The work first appeared in 1860 and has since that time passed through numerous editions and revisions. The eleventh edition appeared in 1891. Long before that it had been translated into English by Miss F. E. Burnett. This was published, as above mentioned, by Smith, Elder & Company, London, 1868. In 1877 it received revision here at the hand of Clarence Cook, and an attempt was made at that time to bring the whole work up to date much in the same manner that Mr. Sturgis has done at the present time. Mr. Cook, in 1877, prefaces his edition and translation by saying, among other things: "In England, also, where a translation from an early German edition has been made by Miss F. E. Burnett, the work has enjoyed a considerable popularity. The American publishers at first intended to reprint this English translation, adding all the matter with which Professor Lübke has enriched his latest edition—none of which is, of course, to be found in the English translation—and with, beside, such notes as might prove useful to American readers. But this plan had to be abandoned, because the translation was found to be so seriously wanting in accuracy as to render correction necessary at every step; and it was feared that these changes, with the insertion of so much entirely new matter, could only result in a thing of shreds and patches." And now Mr. Sturgis comes along, after a lapse of twenty-seven years, with material greatly increased in volume since that period, and, indeed, since the time

**History of Art.* By Dr. Wilhelm Lübke. Edited, Minutely Revised and Largely Rewritten by Russell Sturgis.

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of the German author's last revision of the work in 1891, for in mentioning the slight changes then made by Lübke, Mr. Sturgis in his preface says: "Since 1891 much has been added to the scholar's knowledge of archæology and to the critic's perception of artistic truth; but since 1860 the whole point of view has changed. The history of art which is possible to-day was unthinkable in 1860; many assumptions have been proved untrue; many known facts have wholly different explanations now, from those once thought sufficient. The amount of added fact is incredibly great and important." It is needless to say that if this be the situation since 1891 it is more emphatically true of the case since 1877, the date of the last English edition in this country, that translation which was made under the supervision of Edward L. Burlingame and the editorship of Clarence Cook. In spite of the numerous art histories which have been put forth since that time, the English edition of Lübke has been regarded as a standard work on the general history of art; has been made use of in colleges and schools as well as by those interested in art as students and art lovers—and it is these in addition to institutions of learning who will welcome this new and handsome edition so generously amplified in both text and illustrations. Mr. Sturgis is so well known as a critic and writer on art that an introduction to him would seem superfluous; a trained and for a long period a practicing architect, and always a student of art, he would appear peculiarly fitted for the task of revising a work of this character. That Mr. Sturgis has so proved himself is well shown in the aspect of this new edition. The admirable selection of extra cuts and carefully chosen half-tones greatly enhance the illustrative features of the volume. Other important features are the revision of the text, the ample bibilography given in the footnotes, the exhaustive general index, and the very useful index of illustrations. Both of these latter factors in the Lübke in its present form are not to be underrated. As might be assumed of one whose taste and knowledge lie mainly in the field of architecture, this bibliography and these desirable and well-selected half-tones are more copious in elucidating the architectural side of the work than in that of painting and sculpture, although the latter is well embellished and clearly discussed. Modern painting, too, has received considerable attention, but to give it its due importance would have probably carried the present editor quite beyond the limits of condensation demanded in a general history of art. We would have perhaps been glad to see *L'Art Nouveau* in building and architecture a little more fully touched upon, and that great new world of visual things revealed by the Impressionists. Their attempt to represent landscape and even the human figure through the colour waves as received by the retina—painted by them in almost the primary colours juxtaposed, and thus forming a dim arabesque of shapes, human and material as they reach the eye. This is indeed a large subject, and may have been regarded as too recent in its theories and methods to incorporate as a part of up-to-date art history. It does, however, belong to art history, and it is certainly up to date. One cannot cover everything, even with the best intentions, and this present history is full of them. In dealing with the nineteenth century the material has naturally spread out considerably; for, since 1877 even, the output of architecture alone has remarkably increased. What Mr. Sturgis has to say on present tall buildings, and the views he gives of New York's tall structures from the North River, the half-tones of the Columbia University Library, the Albany State House, the Capitol at Washington, the Library of Congress, Tomb of General Grant, and the Shaw Memorial at Boston, as well as Trinity Church there, the Chicago Art Institute and Public Library, go to show that he has selected widely and well. These points and their discussion should appeal to American students as among the interesting features of this enlarged and valuable new edition. The title line at the top of page 83 should read "The Art of Western Asia," instead of "The Art of Eastern Asia," as it now stands.

Frank Fowler.

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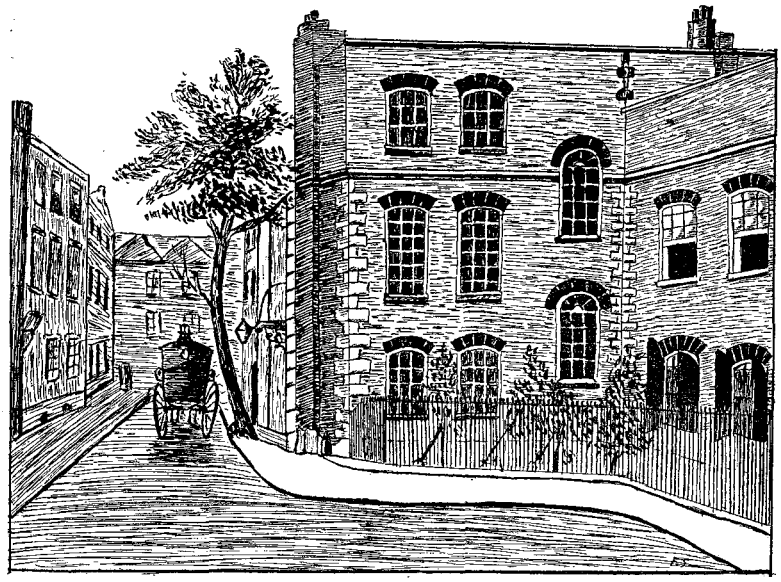
III.

"THE THUNDERER."*

OUTSIDE of England—possibly one might say outside of the Fleet Street circle of London newspaper men—the London *Times* is very properly regarded more in the light of its great traditions than as an individual newspaper of the present day—and subject to present day newspaper conditions. *Punch's* skit on the British tourist who found himself being overcharged somewhere on the Continent and remonstrated *"Je paye* but *je* write to the *Times"* will long outweigh anything that may be said about the Thunderer's waning influenue and decreasing circulation. Yet the fact remains that the *Times,* though unquestionably a great newspaper, no longer has the field to itself as it once had. As an institution its importance is not yet materially diminished; as a journal pure and simple it has felt, as have all the conservative English journals, the competition of the new school of British newspaper making founded on aggressiveness, enterprise and American newspaper ideas. The achievements of the *Times* in the past stood out because that paper alone stood for doing things on a great scale. That was why it so long exercised such a sway over political events, not only in England, but throughout Europe, and justified Bulwer Lytton in saying that if he desired to leave to remote posterity some memorial of British civilisation, he would prefer not England's docks, nor her railways, nor her public buildings, nor even the palace in which she held her sittings; but a file of the *Times.*

The history of the London *Times* has been the history of a family, and whatever may have been the political condition of England at a certan period or whoever may have been the editor in charge, even when that editor was a Barnes or a Delane, its story may be divided into the reigns of John Walter the First, John Walter the Second, John Walter the Third, and Arthur Walter. In 1784 the first Walter, who had been a merchant and publisher by turns, and who was an underwriter, was ruined by the capture of an English fleet by a French squadron, purchased Printing House Square. After an unsuccessful attempt to print books by means of type representing monosyllables and short words instead of letters, he turned his attention to journalism and in January, 1785, issued the first number of the *Daily Universal Register.* Three



PUNTNEY HOUSE SQUARE IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE "TIMES"

**Some Notes Upon the History of the Times, 1785-1904.* By S. V. Makower.

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years later the name of the paper was changed to the *Times*. The first few years of the paper's existence gave but little promise of its future prosperity and greatness. As a result of his telling the truth about the powerful Dukes of York, Cumberland, and Gloucester, John Walter the First was put in the public pillory at Charing Cross and subjected to the horrors of Newgate Prison, whence after a period of sixteen months' confinement, he was released at the instance of the Prince of Wales. This John Walter died in 1812, but nine years before he had retired from the management of the paper to be succeeded by his son, then twenty-eight years of age. John Walter the Second was, in a measure, the pioneer of modern journalism. He kept a light cutter running to and fro across the Channel during the war with France, obtaining French newspapers from the local fishermen and supplying exclusive information at a time when French newspapers were contraband in England. The news of Mack's surrender at Ulm in 1805 was printed in the *Times* five days before the official information reached the government. The paper grew steadily in power. It could not be influenced and it came to be feared. In 1810 an attempt was made to curb its independence. No letters intended for it were permitted to go into England. Captains of all incoming ships were forced to surrender despatches addressed to the *Times*. The government did everything in its power to injure the paper, at the same time intimating to Mr. Walter that he could have his despatches delivered promptly as a matter of governmental favour. The *Times's* only response to this approach was to send out more special correspondents and to beat the official despatcher oftener than ever. The *Times* man, Henry Crabb Robinson, who went to Altona in 1807 and sent to the paper an account of the military operations along the Elbe, may be said to have originated the war correspondent's profession.

Two years after Waterloo, the editorship of the *Times* was assumed by Thomas Barnes, who remained in the chair until he was succeeded by John Delane in 1841. One of the striking chapters in the paper's history was the part it played in the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832. The *Times* has never been a party organ, and during this crisis its expression was that of fearless, independent opinion. A year later Greville wrote of an article in the *Times* that it made "as much noise as the declaration of a powerful Minister, or a leader of the Opposition could do in either House of Parliament." During 1831 the *Times* had steadily resisted repeated attempts on the part of the Tories to enlist its influence. The Duke of Wellington, who was Prime Minister, was one of the last to hold out against recognising its growing power. When Greville, in 1834, urged him to seek the support of Barnes, the Duke admitted that he had made a mistake and added that he did not think the *Times* could be influenced. At another time he said: "The ———— might be played with, but not the *Times;* Barnes is the most powerful man in the country."

Great as the influence and power of the *Times* were in the earlier part of the century, the paper reached its apogee during the editorship of John Delane, which extended from 1841 to 1877. Among the great deeds of these years may be mentioned the *Times's* campaign during the railway mania of 1845; the paper's struggle with the French government in the matter of the delivery of its news from the East; its services in exposing inefficiency and corruption during the war in the Crimea; and its bringing about the downfall of the Aberdeen Ministry. In 1845, Guizot, Louis Philippe's Prime Minister, resenting the paper's hostile attitude towards the French government, took measures to delay the delivery of *Times* despatches from the Punjab. In order to evade this delay, Mr. Walter organised a service which brought the news from India to England without once touching French territory. A messenger met the English mail packet at Suez, and as soon as the *Times* consignment was handed to him, he rode with it on a dromedary to Alexandria—a distance of nearly two hundred miles—thence sailing in an Austrian steamer to a port near Trieste, and making his way to London via Ostend and Dover. On the 31st of October, 1845, Guizot, to his astonishment and humiliation, read in the columns of the *Times* news which only appeared later in the Paris journals.

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At the outbreak of the Crimean War the *Times* sent William Howard Russell, afterwards unpleasantly known in this country as "Bull Run Russell," to the front, and his letters had the effect of arousing all England to indignation over the condition of the troops. There was gross mismanagement and inefficiency in the commissariat, and the *Times* correspondence awakened the conscience of the British nation to the sufferings of the half-starved, ill-clad men of the rank and file of the army. "Howard's letters," writes Mr. Makower in this pamphlet, "were no mere catalogues of battles lost and won; they did not enumerate the dead and wounded in the soulless accents of statistics. They brought the actuality of the war in Russia—the whole story of pain and horror and despair—into the very heart of England. Nor was the value of these descriptions confined to their power of conveying to the public true impressions of what actually passed; for, besides possessing a talent for narration unmatched until then in the annals of English journalism, Russell was an acute and unsparing critic of military operations. He met the indignation and exasperation of the Headquarters Staff at the audacity of his condemnations with an unflinching courage that was in complete accord with the traditions of the paper he represented. Delane himself, as well as Kinglake, went out to the Crimea, and while the historian was noting minutely the disposition of the troops in the battle of the Alma, the *Times* correspondent was writing his memorable account of that engagement seated at a plank placed by two sappers across a couple of barrels to serve as a table."

In his *Memoirs* published last autumn, M. de Blowitz gave an inside account of some of the great "beats" which augmented the *Times's* fame far more adequate than anything that Mr. Makower has written here. De Blowitz's connection with the paper as Paris correspondent began in 1871, at the close of the Franco-Prussian War, and although the special privileges granted him by statesmen like Thiers were undoubtedly due rather to the position of the paper for which he wrote than to any great liking or admiration for the man himself, his sagacity as a journalist and his services to the *Times* and to the cause of European peace cannot with justice be questioned. There is no reason to doubt his accounts of the French War Scare of 1875 when Moltke had mapped out the plan of an immediate and unprovoked attack on France, of the rage of the Duc Decazes when he learned of England's secret purchase of the Suez Canal shares, and although there was a fishy ring to his story of how he secured his great "beat" on the Berlin Treaty of 1878, the fact remains that through his agency the *Times* was able to print the full text of the treaty two hours before it had been signed by the Congress of Ministers in Berlin. Eulogists of "The Thunderer" lay so much stress on its outspoken frankness that there is a significance in the fact that no reference whatever is made by Mr. Makower to the great blunder of which the paper was guilty, the blunder from which it never wholly recovered, namely the publication of the fraudulent Parnell letters. Nor does this pamphlet say much about the organisation of the *Times,* a side of the subject of vast importance and interest. It is understood that at the present time the various shareholders of the paper draw their profits from various departments; that to one belongs the earnings of the "Birth and Death" column, to another the Dramatic Page, to another the Literary Page, to another the Financial Page. In an article written about ten years ago for *McClure's,* Mr. James Creelman enumerated the members of the *Times* staff; and its organisation is probably much the same to-day. First there is the Editor, who has absolute control, but who writes nothing himself. Chief among his assistants is the Foreign Editor, and then comes the Financial Editor. There are six permanent editorial writers, and five others "on call." In addition the editor at times employs famous experts to write on their specialties. Some idea of the handsome remuneration that a leader writer on the *Times* receives for his work is suggested by a passage in the biography of James Macdonell, Journalist. At the time Macdonell was not even on the regular staff, but merely contributed four or five leaders a week. Yet these, he said, assured him a handsome income. After the leader writers come

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the intermediate grades—the Colonial Editor, the ecclesiastical news writer, the agricultural writer, the art critic, the council of five military experts, the naval writer, the dramatic critic, and the geographical writer. In the legal department there are eighteen trained law reporters for the civil courts, seventeen for the police courts, and eight for the assizes. London is mapped out into nineteen districts and to each district a man is assigned to cover all news outside of the regular departments. Then there are the labour reporter, the golf reporter, the cricket reporter, the football reporter, and the special writers for fires and railway accidents. Finally in each of the six hundred and seventy electoral districts of Great Britain there is a *Times* representative.

"How much money will it take to buy the *Times?*" Mr. W. W. Astor is said once to have asked; and the present reigning Walter is understood to have replied that enough money for that purpose had never been coined. The conversation may never have taken place, but whether apochryphal or not, the anecdote is typical—one of those which will stick in the mind so long as people remember the paper as the "Thunderer." Another famous *Times* story, a story which suggests very strongly a certain chapter of George Meredith's *Diana of the Crossways,* has to do with Lord Randolph Churchill when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer under Salisbury. Churchill had become dissatisfied with his chief, and on the night of December 22, 1886, he drove to the *Times* office and told Mr. Buckle, the editor, that he had decided to resign and was going to give the *Times* the privilege of announcing his resignation exclusively in the morning.

"Your attitude will be friendly to me, of course?" he asked.

"Not at all," said Mr. Buckle.

"But for such a piece of news! Why there is not another paper in England that would not be grateful."

"That is true. This news is very important, and will make a great sensation. But if you wish you can take it to some other paper and we shall not print a word of it. Only the *Times* cannot be bribed."

"At least," said Lord Randolph, "you will let me see to-night what your are going to say editorially."

"Not a word before it is printed," replied Mr. Buckle. Churchill was obliged to yield and the next morning the *Times* printed the news of his action and an editorial censuring him for deserting his party leader.

Of stories like these Mr. Makower has rather surprisingly made little or no use, nor does he even allude to as pleasant an episode as can be found anywhere in the history of journalism—the episode of the *Times's* account of the death of Special Correspondent Bowlby. During the Tae-Ping rebellion in China Mr. Bowlby, who had dared to tell the truth, was thrown into prison and then tortured to death. The *Times* told the story of his fate with all its horrible details, but after the regular edition had been run off, the presses were stopped, and a single copy of another edition, containing a softened account of the death, was printed and sent to Mr. Bowlby's aged mother—so that she might never know how her son had died. *Arthur Bartlett Maurice.*

IV.

THE NAPOLEON OF NOTTING HILL.*

TILL now we have been too busy listening to what others were saying about this book to stop to review it. For two months past we have been reading press comments as fast as they appeared and annoying people with questions. It happened to be the sort of book that brought out the characters of those who discussed it and it was delightful to follow the line of cleavage between those who liked it and those who did not. We found ourselves in the former class, but easily cowed by the others, for we realised from the very first that anything like a logical defense was impossible. Those who do not like it have by far the best of the argument. Very likely, also, they are better men, sturdier and more sensible, sounder material for the State, more trustworthy as family props. We should hate to live in a community made up of people who liked this book. It might be piquant for a little while to see all the cabs moving backwards and the people

**The Napoleon of Notting Hill.* By Gilbert K. Chesterton (John Lane).

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hopping on one foot and the city government meeting in the Park to read fairy stories, with no word spoken that you had reason to expect and nothing in the whole place right side up, but we should not wish to stay there long. For those who say that it is sheer nonsense from beginning to end, and that therefore they despise it we feel the utmost reverence. Fancy being able to dislike a thing just because it is nonsense. The world needs their solid flesh and regular habits, their desire to abolish what they do not understand, which, indeed, is the principle on which the British Empire was founded. And this much we have learned from the discussion, never to recommend the book to any one.

Mr. Chesterton is still so young that he enjoys dreaming for its own sake whether it means anything or not. It was with the utmost reluctance that he ceased to be a child, and he made up his mind that though time might push him on he would not forget how to wonder. Nor did he mean to let his reason interfere with his spiritual amusements. Reason seemed to him like an attempt to endue Nature with business habits and a black frock coat, and for his part he was out for sport. A logical mind, he said to himself, is a Dutch pantry, truths right side up in neat little rows; what fun to break in and spin them around. Nothing could be so delightfully queer as a truth spinning. So he brought out many new sides to old things and imparted to others his pleasure in the process. But now and then he fell into mechanical ways and a few of his papers are mere essays in subversive frivolity. On these rare occasions he is not unlike a character in his own story, an incurable farceur who suggests to a writer for the *Spectator* the following apt comparison:

> He reminds one not a little of Hippoclides, son of Tisander, who, we are informed by Herodotus, was "eminent among his countrymen both for his affluence and his personal accomplishments," and was first favourite among the suitors for the hand of Clisthenes's daughter, but threw away his chances by dancing on a table, first in the Lacedæmonian, then in the Athenian manner, and finally by standing on his head and brandishing his legs, replying to Clisthenes's remonstrance with the historic remark, "Hippoclides doesn't care."

The scene is laid in London a hundred years hence. Meanwhile only gradual changes have taken place. The world has reasoned itself into peace and out of democracy. England is ruled by a despot, who is chosen by rotation alphabetically, for people reason that the chances of the alphabet are quite as safe as those of the electorate. Having come to Q they select one Auberon Quin, an inveterate humourist of the kind that adores the unexpected thing, and as king he can conceive of nothing more incongruous than to revive in the various parts of London mediæval memories and names, to give every borough a city wall with a guard and a tocsin and a banner and a Lord Provost in gorgeous robes and elaborate heraldic emblems. He relentlessly carries out the joke. The disgusted city officers are obliged to conform. He will not admit them unless they come in robes of state, accompanied with guards of halberdiers and heralds. All regard it as an imbecile practical joke except one fanatic of romance, who is fired with patriotism for Notting Hill, of which the king has appointed him provost, and when an attempt is made to run an avenue through his dominions, rallies his men to the defence of the sacred soil of Pump Street. War follows and a romantic monarchy is set up and the king's worst jokes all come true and there is a complete triumph of the preposterous.

The defect is that the effort at incongruity is too long sustained and at times becomes wearisome. Its merit is the extraordinary and infectious zest with which certain parts of it were written. Most men write as if they were feeling at the time extremely tired, but he writes with a thumping pulse. To a man so inordinately alive even an every-day world is sensational. He believes that the commonness of things is due to the cold blood of the beholder. Even Notting Hill has its borderland of mystery. Pump Street to him is actually a streak in eternity and the people walking in it may have souls:

> "Notting Hill," said the Provost simply, "is a rise on high ground of the common earth, on which men have built houses, in which they are born, fall in love, pray, marry and die. Why should I think it absurd?"

F. M. Colby.

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V.

MISS ROBINS'S "THE MAGNETIC NORTH."*

THE terminology of the painter includes the word "atmosphere," and this word recently has become a stock property with those who write about books. It is a dangerously elastic word; exactly what constitutes "atmosphere" in a book we are yet to be informed. But it is employed here because it seems to convey more nearly than any other term that element which is conspicuous on every page of Elizabeth Robins's new story. The popular conception of Alaska and especially of the Klondike up to this time, for obvious reasons, has been drawn from books; nevertheless, thanks to several writers of extended experience and close observation, notably Mr. London, we have what probably is a fairly accurate idea of the region and its life. With this conception the Alaska of *The Magnetic North* will be found to be in general agreement. That an old "sourdough" or seasoned campaigner of the Klondike might find in the volume sins of commission as well as of omission does not in the least invalidate Miss Robins's position. She has attempted a novel, not a technical hand-book or geography. But even in fiction it is very much easier to detect in a finished work the false note once it has been struck than it is to avoid striking it; and that a woman who certainly cannot be supposed to have made the hazardous journey of her heroes under like circumstances should preserve throughout a long story such admirable appearance of familiarity with her subject is evidence at least of unusual powers of assimilation. When to this is added the fact that every factor which enters into her story—with one exception—is essentially masculine in its nature and appeal, her performance may be regarded as almost unique.

The novel by which Miss Robins is best remembered, a physiological study, published some years ago under the title *The Open Question,* indicated that she was a woman of intellectual capacity, considerable literary skill and morbid inclinations. It would now appear that this last manifestation was rather the result of intense interest in the subject immediately under her attention than inherent in herself; for there is small flavour of morbid suggestion in her new book, which for the most part is filled with the bracing air of the northern country and with healthy out-door life. Also, while it has few literary graces, it has a blunt precision and a vigour of expression which will confirm the earlier opinion that she is a writer to be reckoned with.

The Magnetic North of the title of the book, of course, is the great Alaskan gold fields, which, at the time of this story (the years of 1897 and '98), lay about Dawson, and toward which men of all kinds and conditions, "each like a magnetic needle suddenly set free, were pointing." Five men—a Denver bank clerk, an ex-schoolmaster from Nova Scotia, an Irish-American lawyer from San Francisco, a Kentucky "Colonel" and the Boy (who in reality was a man of twenty-two years) compose the party voyaging up the Yukon with which the story opens, and their experiences in the struggle against the bitter cold and the assaults of the ice, and later, their life in the cabin which they constructed upon the bank of the river make up about one-half of the book. Then, in the face of starvation for the entire party, unless there be a reduction in the number of mouths to be fed, two of them—the Kentuckian and the Boy—leave the cabin to journey northward, and the tale becomes the tale of these two who are chums in the truest sense of the word and the real heroes. The book, in fact, is quite as much a study in character under the stress of arctic weather and the selfish instincts stimulated by the search for gold, as a description of the rigors of the iron trail in the north and of the life in the Klondike. It has adventure in plenty—Mr. London himself in his three books has not given us adventure more exciting—and its pictures of the kaleidoscopic life at the big mining camp are crowded with the contrasting figures and the rapid movement of a rough, restless mob of gold seekers, adventurers, priests, Indians, and the flotsam of womankind whose exist-

**The Magnetic North.* By Elizabeth Robins. New York City: The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

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ence depends upon the dance halls and the favour of lucky miners. Indeed of one of these women Miss Robins gives a curious and pathetic if, in places, rather overdrawn portrait, and of a Catholic priest she has made a very interesting person, but, after all, it is to the characters of the big, generous Kentuckian and his impetuous, fearless, and faithful young "pardner" that she has given the most attention and with the largest success.

The Magnetic North will scarcely arouse the wide discussion which was the lot of *The Open Question;* it lacks the love story which the great body of novel readers demand. But it has dramatic action, is of strong fiber, has some descriptive passages—especially one of the breaking up of the ice—which are almost of the first rank, and as a literary performance it represents much more than the patient accumulation and skilful presentation of a vast amount of fact. It deserves to be remembered for a good while to come. *Churchill Williams.*

VI.

MR. LINCOLN'S "CAP'N ERI."*

NEXT to the Nature books, the most sane and healthy fashion in our recent literature is undoubtedly what might be classified as the *David Harum* style of story. It is also the type of literary creation that comes nearest to being most truly American, in that it paints for us characters and lives that are eminently American and could not be anything else. For this reason we can forgive a certain looseness of construction common to all stories of this type, for the sake of the inherent truth that is in them, and for the sake of the wholesome, cheery tone of them, which is nothing more than the portrayal of the wholesome, cheery point of view of the typical American characters drawn in the book.

The native American of inland parts has been well and often painted, and the American seaman at sea has had justice done him by his aspiring young compatriots of literary ambitions. But there is a long line of delicious types awaiting the portrayer of the American seaman on land, or of that amphibious creature, the coast fisherman. Mr. Joseph Lincoln has made a most commendable beginning at reaching this class in his *Cap'n Eri,* and has done it well enough for his book to afford us almost the same pleasure we should feel in making the acquaintance of his hero. The power to compose a strong plot and to draw character at the same time is something that must be won by hard and long practice, or can come naturally only as the accompaniment of unusual talent. For the promising modest talent a choice is unavoidable, and if the choice must be made the choosing of character drawing over the making of a mere plot proves the possession of a higher artistic standard in the writer. Mr. Lincoln has shown that he possesses the power to interest us in the doings of his characters, not because of anything particularly exciting in these doings themselves, but because of our interest in the people who do and live them. That is no mean power, and is a good equipment for the literary steeplechase.

Cap'n Eri is a retired fishing and trading ship-master of the New England coast; to be more explicit, of the Cape Cod region. His eminently American qualities of grit, enterprise and fearlessness, with a saving grace of humour, are softened by the mellowness that a sea life always spreads over a well-balanced naturally liberal character. With due allowance for some slight sentimentality natural in a new writer, and a writer whom the tone of his book would stamp as still young, Cap'n Eri is a type known to any one who has really become acquainted with the people of that particular region of the New England coast line. He is undoubtedly a portrait, as are most of the village types in the book. The book is full of a gentle humour, which seems a reflection from Cap'n Eri's cheery fun, and the best incidents of the plot, with one exception, are those in which this humour is most predominant. The account of the advertisement in the *Nuptial Chime,* and what came of it, is delicious, and the adventures of Cap'n Perez, "through fire and water" to win his bride, are all the

* *Cap'n Eri.* A story of the coast. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: Messrs. A. S. Barnes and Company.

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more truly humourous because of the art that brought them so near to tragedy to close them in amusing comedy.

Of the more serious happenings, that which remains longest in the reader's mind is the narrative of Cap'n Eri's rescue of his friend and the capsized lifeboat. This has true power and force, and, although a little trick in the chapter-title increases the suspense somewhat, the recital is strong enough in itself to make it the climax of the book. To Cap'n Eri's great disgust, his exploit has made him a Sunday supplement hero, and the sane common-sense of his view of life is nowhere better described than in his comments on this result.

"This whole fuss makes me sick. Here's them fellers in the crew goin' out, season after season, takin' folks off wrecks, and the fool papers never say nothin' 'bout it; but they go out this time and don't save nobody and git drownded themselves, and they're heroes of a sudden. I hear they're raisin' money up to Boston to give to the widders and orphans. Well, that's all right, but they'd better keep on and git the Gov'ment to raise the sal'ries of them that's left in the service." *Grace Isabel Colbron.*

TWO NOVELS OF CYNICISM*

A VERY unreasonable reviewer of Mrs. Wharton's latest book has expressed a feeling of disappointment after reading it. The book so closely resembles *The Greater Inclination,* both in its choice of themes and in its literary workmanship, as to cause this critic to exclaim, "Mrs. Wharton's measure as an author has now been definitely taken. It is obvious that nothing new is to be expected of her." We have characterised this reviewer as unreasonable, but he is no less ungrateful than unreasonable. He should rather have thanked Heaven that the sixth book of a contemporary American author shows all the strength, the fineness, and the distinction that made her first book so welcome to all who can appreciate these qualities.

The stories—one might also call them studies—which make up *The Descent of Man* are exquisitely done. Of their kind, none could be better. One lingers over each with a deep feeling of contentment at so rare a combination of perfect form and attractive content. Knowledge of the world, a sure psychology, and a well bred cynicism are here united. The cynicism is not a pose. It is not anything of which the writer herself is especially conscious. It merely represents an intellectual attitude, the result of wide experience and careful observation. Indeed, this cynicism is only that which life is pretty sure to teach us all, and it inheres in the conditions of civilised existence. Thus the story called "The Other Two" is simple enough and natural enough in its subject to pass with little comment; yet Mrs. Wharton has written it with so peculiar an understanding of its moral implications as to render it a bit of supremely artistic elucidation. Waythorn is the third husband of a woman who is gentle and affectionate, and against whom no one has a word to say, in spite of the fact that she has been twice divorced. She has a daughter, the offspring of her first marriage, and the child's illness makes it necessary for the first husband to visit Waythorn's home. An important business transaction brings Waythorn into a casual association with the second husband. In the beginning, the necessity of meeting these two men, of having one of them in his house, and the likelihood of his wife's meeting them again, make Waythorn shudder and fill him with something like a physical repugnance. Moreover, the first husband, "a small, effaced-looking man," who "might have been a piano-tuner," and who blinks through a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, leads Waythorn to wonder over the social evolution of the woman whom he has married. Her second husband, Varick,

**The Descent of Man.* By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons.
**The High Road: Being the Autobiography of an Ambitious Mother.* Chicago: Herbert S. Stone and Company.

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is a man of the world,—a gentleman in the conventional sense of the term.

"But this other man . . . . it was grotesquely uppermost in Waythorn's mind that Haskett had worn a made-up tie attached with an elastic. Why should that ridiculous detail symbolise the whole man? Waythorn was exasperated by his own paltriness, but the fact of the tie expanded, forced itself on him, became, as it were, the key to Alice's past. He could see her, as Mrs. Haskett, sitting in a 'front parlour' furnished in plush, with a pianola, and a copy of *Ben Hur* on the centre-table. He could see her going to the theatre with Haskett—or perhaps even to a 'church sociable'—she in a 'picture hat' and Haskett in a black frock-coat, a little creased, with the made-up tie on an elastic. On the way home they would stop and look at the illuminated shop-windows, lingering over the photographs of New York actresses. On Sunday afternoons Haskett would take her for a walk, pushing Lily ahead of them in a white enamelled perambulator, and Waythorn had a vision of the people they would stop and talk to."

It all gives Waythorn a sense of how much there had been in the existence of his wife in which he had had no share. And before long the impression is deepened when he thinks of her as having been for years the wife of Varick, a still different type of man. Yet, as he meets these men again and again, his early repugnance wears away. He insensibly becomes reconciled to the thought of them, and curiously at ease with them. It is a very subtle process of moral disintegration, in kind though not in degree the sort of moral decay which affects a *mari complaisant*. His wife is not embarrassed in the least; and though she seems so girlish and singularly soft and gentle as she sits beside him in her pale rose dress she is in reality only partly his and never can be really his alone.

"Waythorn had fancied that a woman can shed her past like a man. But now he saw that Alice was bound to hers both by the circumstances which forced her into continued relation with it and by the traces it had left on her nature. With grim irony, Waythorn compared himself to a member of a syndicate. He held so many shares in his wife's personality and his predecessors were his partners in the business. If there had been any element of passion in the transaction he would have felt less deteriorated by it. The fact that Alice took her change of husbands like a change of weather reduced the situation to mediocrity. . . . She was as easy as an old shoe—a shoe that too many feet had worn. Her elasticity was the result of tension in too many different directions. Alice Haskett — Alice Varick—Alice Waythorn—she had been each in turn, and had left hanging to each name a little of her privacy, a little of her personality, a little of the inmost self where the unknown god abides."

And so at last we find the three men sitting together at Waythorn's fireside, with Alice smiling, propitiatory, graceful, and familiar, pouring tea for them; and Waythorn himself, now also pliable and familiar, taking the third cup with an easy laugh. This story is representative of all the others, and shows Mrs. Wharton to be a marvellously clever social vivisector. Perhaps the least successful thing in the whole book is a ghost-story entitled "The Lady's Maid's Bell," which is not sufficiently convincing to make one shudder; but the others are almost beyond praise. We shall not repeat the old remark about Mrs. Wharton's indebtedness to Henry James, except so far as to note that no young man outside the pages of these interesting and allied authors would ever think of addressing his mother casually as "My good woman."

If the cynicism of *The descent of Man* is inherent in its situations, the cynicism of *The High Road* is daubed on with a brush. This anonymous work of fiction is traced with a somewhat ruder hand than Mrs. Wharton's, as indeed befits its subject. It is the story of a woman who, beginning her career in a West Virginia farm-house, ends as a social personage well known on both continents, and the mother of an English peeress. Her gradual evolution, of which the details are curious in the frankness of their revelation, is described with real knowledge of life on many sides and is delicious reading. The young woman of Fowlersburg, West Virginia, was probably born with an instinct for social climbing; but this instinct is first quickened by reading the old *New York Ledger* of Robert Bonner's time, with its romances by Mrs. Harriet Lewis and Mrs. Southworth, who gave such fascinating glimpses of aristocratic life in England, even though their peers and peeresses were often very wicked persons. When the young woman

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marries a lank, red-haired man from Pennsylvania, with a keen eye to business, the actual evolution begins. The family astonish Fowlersburg by doing over their house in chintz, by having low book-shelves and draped dressing-tables, by calling the evening meal "dinner" and the noon meal "luncheon," and by putting the children into white pinafores and brushing their hair down their backs. These things conquer Fowlersburg; but just at that time the red-haired husband dies, leaving his ambitious wife with an income of about four thousand dollars and an immense tract of wild and worthless land.

It is a great crisis in the family's career, especially when the climber decides to cut loose from Fowlersburg, and, indeed, from her native land, and to make a social plunge in Europe. "Plunge," however, is not precisely the proper word; for she rather lays out a masterly campaign *ohne Hast, ohne Rast,* and with the advantage of an admirable adviser in the person of an old Viennese nobleman whom she meets in Switzerland. It is he who incidentally lets her know that wild land, or any kind of land, in fact, when it mounts up to hundreds of thousands of acres, creates a profound impression on the European mind. Here is a hint for other ambitious Americans:

"I told him that our estates were unremunerative—and that sentiment would not allow me to sell them. They comprised an area that was astounding in acre numbers. Considering how the ownership of the utterly worthless land put me into the class of great land owners in Europe, I have often wondered why such a possession has not been oftener used by clever Americans with small capital. There are miles of desert lands in Arizona and California that would sound just as well as the most cultivated farms—and a clever person can always let information get about. In Europe, where every decent American and some indecent ones are sized up and labelled, a little matter of a hundred thousand acres looks just as well as the title of an Italian prince looks over here."

We can not here outline the progress of the lady's upward march, but some of her comments and characterisations relative to English society are amusing in their frank irreverence and brutal truth. We need not suppose that the author of the book is necessarily familiar with the English court, but she certainly must know those who are; because the things which she says are so exactly the sort of things which are said in England behind the scenes. Thus, she gives a snap-shot of Queen Alexandra, which may be taken as photographic in its accuracy.

"The then Princess of Wales reminded me, in her evening dress, of a mechanical doll. She has a high, affected, musical voice, a stiff figure, a painted face, and a very well made, light-brown wig. She sat on a sofa in the centre of one of the drawing-rooms, and said pleasant things. Her large and truly beautiful eyes give the only expression to a face from which every line has been eliminated by stretching the skin. A frown is a physical impossibility to her, which sounds like the story of a gift to a princess from a fairy godmother instead of a 'plastic surgeon.' Royalty comes too near to us in these days."

And the following is wholly characteristic of the royal family of Great Britain,—a family of which the author elsewhere says that it has been bourgeois ever since the Stuarts ceased to reign.

"One day our hostess brought out an album to show the Princess of Wales. It was silver bound and carefully locked. It contained 'private photographs' of the royal family. In other days, when his sovereign wished to compliment a subject, he sent for the best painter in the country and ordered a portrait for his friend. The walls of this very house held portraits of sovereigns from Queen Elizabeth down to the end of the Stuart line. In those days a good portrait cost about ten pounds. Nowadays, except in rare instances, the best Victoria's family can do is to offer a 'private photograph,' one which the public has not been allowed to see. The young princesses were tremendously amused by this collection and spent a whole evening over it; but the Princess of Wales, to the visible annoyance of her hostess, slipped out two or three of her own old photographs. 'You will give me these, will you not?' she said sweetly. 'I have no duplicates.' I did not see them, but I heard two women laughing a little later: 'They had looped-up skirts and showed her *feet*. She has destroyed almost all of them. They *are* awful.'"

As for King Edward, she lets him off with the remark that he has the boldest eyes that she ever saw and that "he is a short, stout man, with a thick German

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tongue in speaking, and it must be confessed in eating also." It will not be very difficult for the initiated to detect a number of other portraits, though the names affixed to them are fictitious. In the case of one or two of the American delineations the writer has been rather daring in the accuracy of her drawing. We say "her" because we are sure that a woman wrote the book; and if we had to guess at her name we should mention Gertrude Atherton. If this guess be true, then the book represents Mrs. Atherton at her very best. *Rafford Pyke.*

HERE AND THERE

I.

British Fair Play

We have always recognized and admired the devotion of the English to fair play. It is, indeed, a commodity of which they are so fond as to keep it mainly for home consumption. Foreigners, including Americans, seldom have a chance to see it. Englishmen are good losers—to other Englishmen. If they happen to be vanquished by opponents of a different nationality, then instead of yielding gracefully and admitting that they have been fairly beaten, they are very apt to raise the cry of "Foul!" just as a French army, when defeated by superior numbers and abler strategy, breaks into the sinister shriek of "Treason!" As Englishmen in their own eyes are the perfect flower of the human race, it is inconceivable by them that in a fair field and with no favour they can ever be surpassed. If they are surpassed, then the field was not fair and the adversary enjoyed illicit favour.

Thus, when the schooner yacht *America* went over to England in 1851, and easily outsailed all the English boats and won the famous cup, the first thought which entered the English mind was that the whole thing was a "Yankee trick." It was asserted and believed that the *America* had some kind of engine concealed in her stern, and this belief became so general that the owners of the *America* allowed their vessel to be searched. It never occurred to the Englishmen who searched it that their action was an insult and the grossest violation of the most elementary rules of courtesy and hospitality. They did it just because their rivals were Americans and not fellow Englishmen. The fact that no British boat has yet succeeded in bringing back the cup is evidence to many Englishmen that the conditions here for racing are so craftily arranged as to favour the defender and defeat the challenger. The English papers used to be full of complaints that the excursion boats got in the way of the British skipper and tried to make him lose the race. Of course it was obvious enough that it was only the losing yacht which could possibly be hampered by the excursion fleet, but this made no difference. When Lord Dunraven made his most unmannerly and unmanly exit several years ago, he did so after implying that the American yachtsmen had secretly and by night shifted the ballast of the defender. Lord Dunraven would never have thought of making such a charge against any kind of Englishmen. He would not have believed them capable of fraud, and had he expressed a suspicion of the sort he would have been ostracised as a cad. But here it was different. His attitude was extremely significant of that which makes his countrymen so utterly impossible. No Englishman in his heart of hearts really thinks that any one save an Englishman can be a gentleman in the full English sense of that fine word. As a *façon de parler* he will speak of an American gentleman, or a French gentleman, or a Spanish gentleman, but he will always mentally class these in a different category and as constituting a different species from that which is represented by a gentleman of England. He will never ascribe to any foreigner the same high standards of good faith and honour which he himself professes to maintain.

On the other hand, let us be fair and admit that he has had some reason for

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his mistrust. This country has sometimes sent to England alleged amateurs who, according to the English definition, were in every sense professionals, and sometimes genuine American amateurs have conducted themselves in England after a fashion which would have disgraced a reputable professional. The highest type of amateur in England is the university athlete, and when a member of an American university crew once actually sold a race, it is small wonder if the memory of such a thing sank deep down in the British mind.

Nevertheless, we can see no justification in the recent outcry throughout England against the American rifle team which won the Palma Trophy. It was understood that the competing teams were to shoot with the regular service arm of their respective countries. Now the United States troops were at that time actually using the Krag-Jorgensen rifle although the Government had officially adopted the new Springfield model. Not unnaturally, therefore, the team representing the National Rifle Association of America took with them to England both the type of rifle with which our army was at the time equipped and also the other type of rifle which was presently to be issued. The Americans asked the captains of the competing teams whether there was any objection to the use of the new model, and finding that no objection was made they employed that rifle and won the match. Had they been wise, and skilled in the ways of Englishmen, they would have had the whole thing down in writing; but they were unsuspecting souls and thought that a verbal agreement between sportsmen was quite as good as any bond. Now, long after the event is over, the Rifle Association of Great Britain has discovered that the trophy was won by fraud and that the Americans used one form of rifle while professing to use another. Apparently, it is denied that the English understood about the two different models and so the British press is thundering over the alleged dishonourable conduct of the American riflemen and saying that no reputable sportsmen will ever again attempt to win the Palma Trophy.

We are inclined to think that a good deal of the misunderstanding is due to the fact that General Spencer, who represents the American Association, cannot write a lucid letter. He was asked by Lord Cheylesmore to make a brief statement of the circumstances of the match, to be read before the British riflemen. He might have put the case in half a sheet of letter-paper; but instead of that he seems to have written a long, verbose, and clumsy screed which gave the Englishmen an impression that he had something to cover up, and that he was covering it up with ponderous sentences and a flux of words. The whole thing is rather unfortunate, for it has created a bad impression on both sides of the water. Englishmen will be more than ever convinced that Americans are tricky, and Americans will come to feel that Englishmen, when losers, will always seek to prove that they have been cheated of a victory.

II.

National Prestige

Whatever may be the ultimate result of the war between Japan and Russia there is no doubt that Russia's military prestige has been blasted for a generation. No victories hereafter, not even a final triumph in the war, can possibly restore to her that mysterious ascription of irresistible power which had been given to her by other nations for at least three decades before the war broke out. Russian officers were supposed to be marvels of efficiency. Russian soldiers were thought to be like the sands of the sea in number. Russian spies were believed to learn everything and know everything and make possible a preparation for everything. When you thought of Russia it was like thinking of some appalling and portentous storm-cloud into whose gloomy depths no gaze could penetrate, and from whose womb the lightning and the thunder might leap at any moment. Events have shown that the officers are rather stupid, the armies scattered and inadequate, and the spies mere tiros at their business. And so, while the Russian Empire is really a tremendous force and always must be, it has lost that subtle and intangible attribute which is called prestige.

It is a somewhat interesting fact that in all the great wars between nations dur-

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ing the past sixty years, the nation which at the outset was generally expected to win, has lost, or at least, if it has not lost in the end, it has had to sacrifice its high place in the estimation of the world. Thus, in the Crimean War no one supposed that an invasion of Russia by France and England could succeed where the *grande armée* of the First Napoleon had failed. Yet succeed it did, not because of the skill and valour of the Allies, but because of the internal condition of the Russian Empire. Austria was a greater military power than France in the world's opinion when in 1859 the battles of Magenta and Solferine shattered its prestige. And in 1866, no one dreamed that Prussia could in seven weeks trample down South Germany and move its troops victoriously to within striking distance of Vienna. Again, in 1870, it was French prestige that vanished to the consternation of mankind. When the Boers flung defiance at the huge British Empire, their action seemed to be that of ignorant madmen. They were conquered, to be sure, but when they fell they dragged down, Samson-like, the structure of British military renown. Englishmen will not admit it, but none the less it is entirely true that no one has to-day the slightest faith in the efficiency of British troops. Great Britain has not a single fighting general; its War Department is in a state of chaos; and ruling Englishmen seem utterly unable to do anything but welter in plans and proposals and projects each one of which is quite as much distrusted as any of the others. Probably the next great crash in the field of military reputation will come to Germany whose army preserves the form which Von Roon and Moltke gave it, but which is rotten because of a pervasive discontent below and a vicious taint above. It need not surprise the future historian if our own country also should have its turn. We are heaping up responsibilities with no adequate conception of the serious preparation which they entail. Our prestige is growing perilously great each year. It is not unlikely that we shall soon be viewed as the mightiest of all the peoples; and then may come the test as it has come to Russia and we shall learn just what it means to have our soldiers largely officered by half-trained civilians and under a system which can jump an army doctor to the supreme command. Had the American forces been routed at Santiago instead of winning an easy victory over Spaniards, it might in the long run have led the nation to assure itself against the perils of amateurishness in war.

H. T. P.

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THE BOOKWORM TURNS

Upon my bookshelf's dusty edge,
His tiny suit-case bearing,
A Bookworm walked across the ledge
Toward unknown regions faring.

He turned and faced me with a leer
Entirely disapproving.
"I'm getting tired of boarding here,
And so, you see, I'm moving.

"I'm easy tempered, heaven knows!
I like both Swift and Bunyan,
I'm fond of Omar's poisoned rose
And Verlaine's poisoned onion.

"I even manage still to smile
Upon my fellow creatures,
Though bitter mouthfuls of Carlyle
Distort my placid features.

"And I conceal my tiny pain,
(Though feeling rather rummy),
When Bulwer-Lytton and Mark Twain
Are warring in my tummy.

"But here I have undone myself—
Excuse these wormful grovels—
For I have dined upon a shelf
Of pessimistic novels.

"Along a powerful Tolstoi row
My appetite I whetted,
Then lingered with d'Annunzio
And ate—and then regretted.

"I tried a Hardy sandwich next,—
My greed I could not bridle,—
Then nibbled at a Gorky text
With gusto suicidal.

"And when my blood was thinned away,
My soul with horror tainted,
I bit into an Ibsen play,
Gave up the "Ghost" and fainted.

"Dyspepsia breeds the misanthrope
With gloomy thoughts a-riot—
O give me Doyle, O give me Hope,
A lighter, simpler diet!"

And so I saw him stride away
In heavy marching order
To where some seaside library
Invites the summer boarder.

Wallace Irwin.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX

I.

A liberal-minded clergyman in Red Cloud, Nebraska, sends us some lines of pleasant commendation and has a good word to say for the serial, *Fuel of Fire,* which others have somewhat fleered at in the Letter Box.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

You appreciate so highly the remarks of your correspondents that I feel inclined to tell you what a boon THE BOOKMAN is to me. I save it up for light reading, and, after preaching twice Sunday, find it puts me in good condition for sleep Sunday night. You are probably aware that preaching conduces to the sleep of the congregation only. It doesn't affect the preacher that way. Last night, using it for this purpose, I enjoyed your Letter Box as usual. I, however, disagree with one writer regarding the story by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. The repartee was bright; the psychological treatment of characters very well sustained, and the plot—well, I thought it would have been better carried out if she had explained that the rays of the burning glass fell upon a copy of Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection.*

A good many things have been said about the Letter Box favourable and unfavourable, but no one before this has ever commended it as a soporific.

II.

A legal gentleman in Houghton, Michigan, propounds the following question:

On page 28 of the little book, entitled *Letters from a Chinese Official,* occurs the following sentence: "Your typical product, your average man, the man you call respectable, *him* it is that I wish to characterise, for he it is that is the natural and inevitable outcome of your civilisation." Will you please state whether the use of the word "him" in this sentence is grammatically correct and give your reasons for your conclusion?

The sentence is not correct. "Him" should be "he" precisely as in the second member of the sentence, because it is in the predicate after the neuter verb "is." Doubtless the writer of the sentence carelessly thought of it as being the object of the verb "characterise," whereas the actual object of that verb is the relative pronoun "that."

III.

The following letter comes from a gentleman in Reading, Pennsylvania:

To the Editor of the LETTER BOX:

In the June BOOKMAN, Mr. Ezra S. Brudno in an article on the American novel, makes this extraordinary assertion: "Of Cooper there is little to say, for after all he is merely an extravaganza, belonging nowhere." Now, I should very much like to know just what the editors of the foremost literary magazine *really* think of such a reckless statement. It has seemed to me considerably to lessen the value of the entire article, and certainly gives rise to the suspicion that the writer does not know what he is talking about.

Our correspondent then quotes a number of eminent authorities in praise of Cooper, but it is hardly necessary for us to reproduce them. Mr. Brudno's article should be read with an understanding of the proper point of view. Mr. Brudno is a Russian by birth, and we thought it interesting to present the opinions of a foreigner upon such a subject as the American Novel. Naturally, his conclusions and characterisations are his own and not necessarily ours. As for Cooper, his fame is so securely established as to stand in need of no defence from any one.

IV.

Somebody who signs his or her letter "Sweet Marie," but whom we suspect to be a man and who addresses us as "Good-looking Sirs," raises an old, old question in the following letter:

I notice that in your publication you frequently speak of "the American People." Will you kindly tell a puzzled reader just what you mean by that term? Surely you are as well aware of the fact that there is no longer such a people as you are of the fact that the ocean is salt. Yet you, who can not be ignorant of statistics of immigration and birth rate, still persistently speak of something that does not exist, and has not existed for years. You

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have even spoken of the inhabitants of this country as "Anglo-Saxons." You should guess again. Most of us have names that no Anglo-Saxon could pronounce properly.

(1) When we say "the American people" we mean the people who inhabit the United States of America, just as when we say "the German people" we mean the people who inhabit the German Empire. Neither people is a homogeneous one, since the German Empire contains millions of Poles and tens of thousands of Danes and Wends, not to mention hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen who are not merely unassimilated, but who hate everything that is German, with all their souls.

(2) The inhabitants of our country, taken *en masse* are Anglo-Saxon in a very real sense, because without reference to blood, their language, laws, political institutions, and social traditions rest upon an Anglo-Saxon base.

V.

We always like a correspondent who obstinately refuses to be put off or down. That is why we are so fond of Jessica who returns pertinaciously to the charge with these crisp sentences:

Dear Letter Box:

Despite your considerate suggestion, I absolutely refuse "to guess some more" about the meaning of that Easter cover. Your manner of avoiding an answer was a credit to your cleverness but not to your ingenuousness. If thy brother ask for bread wilt thou give him a stone, or ask him to guess again? I confess it with fear and trembling, but the fact is, I have a dread suspicion that you yourself are unable to explain the meaning of that cover. Is that true? Jessica.

In spite of her refusal to guess some more, Jessica has really done so and she has guessed exactly right. To tell the truth, we never had the slightest notion of what that Easter cover meant, nor have we now. Furthermore, we don't believe that the artist had either. But that is really the beauty of the cover. It is not supposed to *mean* anything, but to be symbolical—to symbolise something that is appropriate and suggestive and full of an esoteric significance. But it will be unkind of Jessica if she writes us another letter and asks us precisely what this is.

VI.

Here is something which ought to be sent to book publishers rather than to the editors of a magazine. The query comes from Indianapolis.

Why are the fly-leaves of books so often made of soft paper? Most persons wish to write their names on them and when the ink spreads it is very annoying.

We shall have to relegate this question to the category of mysterious problems which we propounded some years ago and to none of which have we ever received a single answer. We shall repeat them here in the hope that some new readers of The Bookman may help us out:

(1) Why do Americans who say "whilst" instead of "while" always have grease-spots on their clothes?

(2) Why can a good cigar never be obtained from a tobacconist who, on his sign, spells the word "segar"?

(3) Why do telegraph offices never have any small change?

(4) Why are savings-bank officials always suspicious and uncivil, while national bank officials are invariably courteous and obliging?

Perhaps Jessica can guess the answers.

VII.

Owing to the example set by Miss Carolyn Wells and the gentleman with Polka Dots, there has begun a movement to make the Letter Box a receptacle for miscellaneous poetry—a tendency which we are obliged to repress. The poems published in the last number have evoked a number of longer poems intended for the present number. It seems unwise as a general rule for the Letter Box to depart from prose except now and then when some very short, pungent bit of verse is sent to us. Therefore, we must thank our correspondents for their very clever contributions in verse and take account merely of what is said through the more pedestrian medium. The following letter has to do with a criticism which alleged that The Bookman strikes too often the personal note. Thus, a lady

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in Butte, Montana, sends us a letter in which she says:

The protest of the Soul with Several Stripes against my praise of the magazine's personal note was so picturesque with its alliteration and mixed metaphors that the desire to embalm it in verse was irresistible. The personal note, I would wish to add, still appeals to me. I can not conceive of a "recognised authority" without a personality back of it. Authors who take the reader into their confidence are always the most delightful—as witness Thackeray and Barrie.

This matter of the personal note has been regarded by a correspondent in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, from an entirely different point of view. He writes as follows:

To the Editor of the LETTER BOX:
It seems to me that you are losing your former joy of battle. Here is a man criticising you as being amateurish in your personal note and you make no answer whatever. Formerly you would have flattened him out. Are you bored or just lazy?

This gentleman, although he speaks of what we used to do, has evidently not read THE BOOKMAN from the beginning. Our magazine has been established for nearly ten years, and in that time pretty nearly every kind of criticism has been made upon us and has been duly answered. Therefore, when we find some new subscriber asking us a question that has been asked a dozen times before, or making the sort of attack that we have frequently repelled, it does afflict us with a sense of weariness. To such persons we can only say: Look up the back numbers of THE BOOKMAN and find in them the answer to your question or the parry to your thrust. But as to the charge that the personal element is too conspicuous in our pages, we don't mind saying once again what we have not infrequently said before. From the main body of a literary magazine, personality ought to be excluded, since it obscures the dry light of criticism and produces the effect of biased judgment. Still, we have never been able to think of our readers as embodying a mere abstraction, a congeries of impersonal atoms. To us they are always living, breathing human beings who are very near us and who are full of prejudices and preferences and positive opinions—just as we are. It is a delight to run counter to their prejudices, and jar their preferences, and make them question the soundness of their opinions; and it is a still greater delight when they turn upon us and do the same thing for us. And this one corner of the magazine, the Letter Box, has been set apart for just such a purpose,—as a sort of friendly tilting-ground wherein we challenge all our dearest foes, whether they strike our shield with blunted lance or with the point. Those who, like the Soul with Several Stripes, dislike this sort of thing can always skip the Letter Box, and they are not at all obliged to contribute, as he did, to its alleged objectionable features.

VIII.

Having made this explanation we must crave the indulgence of our readers for a little confession that is purely personal to ourselves. Some time ago we received from Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company a pretty volume by Miss Mary White entitled *How to Do Bead Work*. This book was not sent to the Editors in general or to the magazine, but personally to us. We don't know why Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company should have specially favoured us with a book about beads. We have never given any serious attention to the subject of beads. When we have a holiday and are going off into the country, we never plan to spend the time in stringing beads, nor do we carry beads around with us to work on in our moments of repose. Still, we must confess that we felt just a little flattered to think that Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company regarded us as an authority on beads, and we thought that we would read up the bead-book, and write a review of it, to sustain our reputation, as it were. To tell the truth, bead-work seemed rather a simple sort of thing. We had an idea that all you had to do was to get some beads and either a string, or a wire, or a piece of thread, and just stick it through the beads. Almost anybody could do that.

Unfortunately we found out that there is a good deal more in this bead business than we had any idea of. We got mixed up in the very first part of Miss White's book,—in fact, on the twelfth page, where we found this passage:

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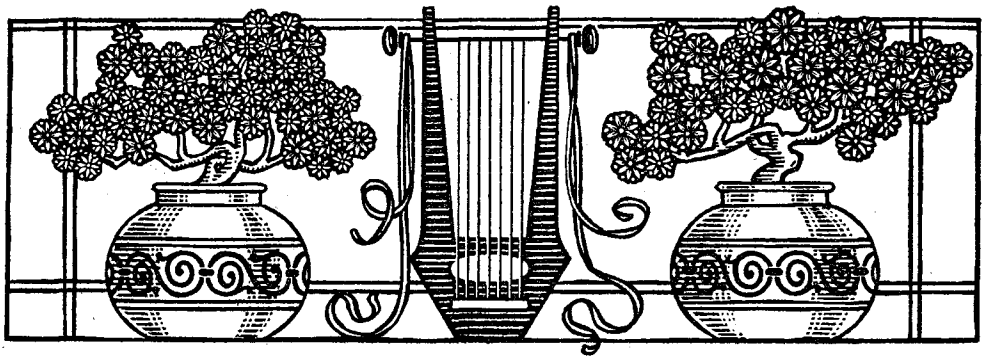
"But beware, if you raise Job's-tears, of using them in their natural state. They should be boiled before stringing, for a tiny grub is often found in them and he may at any time make a meal of the silk on which the beads are strung or appear on your muff inopportunely."

Now isn't this rather awful? Why should we boil beads, anyhow? And then there is the grub which might come out on our muff at almost any time. To be sure, we haven't any muff, but he might get up our sleeve and that would be worse still. In fact, we began to skip at this place, and turned swiftly over into the middle of the book in the hope of finding something that would give us a clue to the plot. Our eyes lit upon the following:

8th round.* Decrease star 1 bead, 2 s. c. in next st. 1 s. c., making 3 sts. between star.*
9th round. 5 beads in star, 1 s. c., increase in next 3 stitches, making 7 stitches between stars with a bead in middle stitch.
10th round. 4 beads in star, 3 s. c., 3 beads, 1 s. c., 1 widen.
11th round. 3 beads in star, 3 s. c., 5 beads, 1 s. c., 1 widen.
12th round. 2 beads in star, 3 s. c., 7 beads, 1 s. c., 1 widen.
13th round. 1 bead in star, 3 s. c., 9 beads, 1 s. c., 1 widen. This finishes star.
14th round. 11 beads, 2 s. c., 1 widen, 2 s. c. The increase is at point of star.

After that we stopped. We don't think that we shall ever review this book, though we are sure that it is a very good book. Also it has pictures in it. But inasmuch as we could not review it, and as we are still under obligations to Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company for their courtesy, it occurred to us to make the whole thing a personal matter and tell the tale to our readers in this unobtrusive corner of the magazine.

We now close the Letter Box until the autumn, and we wish that all those who read it may have exactly the right sort of a summer.



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THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

New York.

American Book Company:

The Tempest.
Macbeth.
Twelfth Night.
Midsummer-Night's Dream.
Othello.
Hamlet.

A new edition of Rolfe's Shakespeare for use in schools and for general reading. The editor is William J. Rolfe, Litt. D., formerly Head Master of the High School at Cambridge. The volumes in this new edition are smaller and more convenient in shape. A concise account of Shakespeare's metre has been inserted.

Forms of English Poetry. By Charles F. Johnson, L.H.D.

Suitable for young people and for general readers. The volume contains the essential principles of the construction of English verse.

Dickens's Christmas Stories. Edited by Jane Gordon.

These stories are now issued in the well-known series of Eclectic School Readings. They are repeated as originally published, except that some of the descriptions have been left out, others abridged, and allusions unfamiliar to American readers have been omitted.

Outlines of Universal History. By George Park Fisher, D.D., LL.D.

A standard work, now issued in a new and thoroughly revised edition, comprising a narrative of the most important events in the world's history, with their causes and consequences. Tables of bibliography direct the inquirer to additional writers on the various topics. The book is adapted either for continuous study, or as a reference manual for consultation.

Moratin's El Sí de las Niñas. Edited by J. Geddes, Jr., Ph.D., and F. M. Josselyn, Jr.

The latest addition to the series of Spanish texts. One of the most popular of this dramatist's works, exposing the results of a conventional, misguided education.

Bates's Euripides—Iphigenia in Tauris. Edited by William Nickerson Bates, Ph.D.

This edition has been prepared to meet the needs especially of students who are reading their first Greek play, and for this reason there is included in the introduction and notes much matter intended primarily for that class of readers. The book is, however, equally useful to other students.

Wagner's Meistersinger von Nürnberg. Edited by W. W. Bigelow.

This representative German drama is here presented for class reading, treating fully of the Mastersingers and their guild.

Smiles's Self-Help. Edited by Ralph Lytton Bower.

These essays are here presented in a form adapted especially to American readers. An appendix contains brief biographies of most of the important persons mentioned. A book to be used for supplementary reading in schools.

Elements of Algebra for Beginners. By George W. Hull, M.A., Ph.D.

A feature of this book is a clear and logical discussion of all those processes that throw light upon the operations of arithmetic. This is a valuable addition to Professor Hull's widely-used series of mathematical text-books.

Lives and Stories Worth Remembering. By Grace H. Kupfer, M.A.

Intended for pupils of the third year, this volume of the Eclectic School Readings aims to make children familiar with some of the masterpieces of literature, and with some of the world's most inspiring men and women.

Gateway Series of English Texts. General Editor, Henry Van Dyke, Princeton University.

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Carlyle's Essay on Burns. Edited by Edward Mims, Ph.D.

George Eliot's Silas Marner. Edited by Wilbur Lucius Cross, Ph.D.

Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America. Edited by William MacDonald, Ph.D., LL.D.

The latest additions to this new series, which will include all the college entrance requirements in English.

Stories from Life. By Orison Swett Marden.

The latest book of Eclectic School Readings, by the well-known editor of "Success," intended for fifth and sixth year pupils. It contains brief life stories and incidents from great lives.

Elementary Algebra. By J. H. Tanner, Ph.D.

The book is designed to meet the most exacting entrance examination requirements of any college or university in this country, and especially the revised requirements of the College Entrance Board.

Appleton and Company:

Nature's Comedian. By W. E. Norris.

Mr. Harold Dunville is by nature a comedian, an actor by profession. The story of his life is an odd one, and the ending not the kind of ending usually associated with a comedy.

How to Know the Butterflies. By John Henry Comstock and Anna Botsford Comstock.

A manual of the butterflies of the Eastern United States, by the professor of Entomology in Cornell University, and a lecturer in nature study at the same university. There are forty-five full-page illustrations from life, reproducing the insects in natural colours.

Adolescence. By G. Stanley Hall, Ph., LL.D. Two Volumes.

This work is a study of the psychology of adolescence, and its relation to physiology, anthropology, sociology, sex, crime, religion, and education. The author is president of Clark University and professor of Psychology and Pedagogy. Dr. Hall has now in preparation a work on Psychology, which he says should logically have been published first.

Nancy Stair. By Elinor Macartney Lane.

A story of Scotland in the days of Robert Burns, by the author of that delightful novel, "Mills of God." Judging by the frontispiece, Nancy Stair was a real beauty—perhaps "the handsomest girl in three kingdoms," as the author claims.

The Poems of Henry Abbey.

In his preface, Mr. Abbey says that he has included in this revised and enlarged edition all of the poems that he cares to retain.

Little Gardens. How to Beautify City Yards and Small Country Spaces.

A small volume designed for the uses of the "family whose lands are a house lot." It contains a number of suggestions which may be found useful to such a family.

Dorothea. By Maarten Maartens.

In his sub-title, Mr. Maartens calls his book a "story of the pure in heart." Dorothea is a Dutch heiress, whose father, with a heart anything but pure, marries her off to a German nobleman. A review will appear later.

Brentano's:

Man and Superman. By George Bernard Shaw.

At the present time when Mr. Shaw and his work are stimulating the minds of American readers, his new play will be of especial interest. It is in four acts, with a preface in the form of a letter to his friend Mr. Arthur Bingham Walkley. In the third act Mr. Shaw pictures his idea of hell, and the characters revel in satirical small talk. John Tanner, leading man, is a modern Don Juan who keeps a Revolutionist's Hand Book, and the volume is supplemented with notes from this book, and with maxims in the following vein:

In heaven an angel is nobody in particular.

Decency is Indecency's Conspiracy of Silence.

Civilisation is a disease produced by the practice of building societies with rotten material.

Do not waste your time on Social Questions. What is the matter with the poor is Poverty: what is the matter with the Rich is Uselessness.

A Dictionary of Etiquette. By W. C. Green.

Points of good breeding and rules for all social functions are given here in the form of a dictionary. The rules are as concrete as possible, and the book should prove of more practical value than the usual book on etiquette.

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Century Company:

A Daughter of Dale. By Emerson Gifford Taylor.

The story of a university town. Barbara, the young heroine, is the daughter of a professor, and the men who are bewitched by her many attractions are undergraduates. The author is a Yale man, and is instructor of rhetoric at that college. It is interesting to note that in the past year there have been quite a number of novels of university life; the ones that we recall being "The Law of life" (Cornell), by Annie McClure Sholl, "The Torch" (Stanford), by Herbert Muller Hopkins, and "The Steps of Honour" (Harvard), by Basil King. The present story is undoubtedly intended to represent Yale.

Crowell and Company:

Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations. With Preface and Introduction by Hector MacPherson.

A condensed edition which originated in the desire to make accessible to the reading public the epoch-making ideas of Adam Smith. The introduction is of a biographical nature.

Dillingham:

Jack Barnaby. By Henry James Rogers.

The hero of this story writes a problem novel, and, not satisfied with that, becomes involved in a love affair with two women. The book is trash, to put it frankly.

Desire. By Charlotte Eaton.

A book of verse by a woman whom Ella Wheeler Wilcox describes as "the feminine re-incarnation of Walt Whitman."

The Other Side of the Story. By Leslie Derville.

A novel of Washington life, that is, that part of it represented by the clerks, men and women, employed by the government. It cannot be said that the book is written in a very dignified vein.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Russia as Seen and Described by Famous Writers. Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton.

A companion volume to Miss Singleton's "Japan," published a few weeks ago. The aim of the book is to present in a compact form a comprehensive view of the Muscovite power. The volume is divided into six parts: The Country and Race, History and Religion, Descriptions, Manners and Customs, Art and Literature, and Statistics.

The Double Garden. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

A volume of sixteen essays, among the subjects being "Our Friend the Dog," "The Modern Drama," "The Wrath of the Bee," "Sincerity," "In an Automobile," and "Universal Suffrage." The collection is an acceptable addition to the works of Maeterlinck, which the publishers are bringing out from time to time in uniform binding.

Forest and Stream Publishing Company:

American Big Game and Its Haunts. Edited by George Bird Grinnell.

This is the fourth of the Boone and Crockett Club's books; the preceding volume, Trail and Camp Fire, was published in 1897. Among the articles in the present volume may be mentioned "Wilderness Reserves," by Theodore Roosevelt, "The Zoölogy of North American Big Game," by Arthur Erwin Brown, "Big Game Shooting in Alaska," by James H. Kidder, and "Preservation of the Wild Animals of North America," by Henry Fairfield Osborn.

Fox, Duffield and Company:

Letters from an American Farmer. By J. Hector St. John Crèvecœur.

This new edition is reprinted from the original one hundred and eleven years after Matthew Carey's reprint of the first London edition. Professor W. P. Trent has written a prefatory note, and Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn the introduction.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Alternate Sex or the Female Intellect in Man, and the Masculine in Woman. By Charles Godfrey Leland.

In his preface, Mr. Leland sets forth his views on the subject of the alternate sex, and space prevents us from quoting more than one paragraph, in which he says "that men and women are, in strict accordance with the opinion of the most recent physiologists, radically different as regards both body and mind, although social or domestic life has given them much in common." Mr. Leland died before the book was ready for publication.

Grafton Press:

Our Political Degradation. By Rush C. Hawkins.

Short essays by General Hawkins on "certain facts which every thoughtful

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citizen of the United States should know." Some of the subjects are "Manhood Suffrage," "Brutality and Avarice Triumphant," and "Some Results of Criminal Materialism." The author, besides bearing the title of Brevet Brigadier-General, U. S. V., is an officer of the Legion of Honour of France.

Harper Brothers:

The Gates of Chance. By Van Tassel Sutphen.

The scene of this book, a somewhat fantastic tale, is laid in New York, and the two principal characters are young men of so-called Bohemian tendencies.

Bruvver Jim's Baby. By Philip Verrill Mighels.

The story of a small mining settlement in the West in which one of the residents discovers a strange baby and thereby upsets the whole camp. It is a good story to select when one wants to laugh.

The Light of the Star. By Hamlin Garland.

In this novel, Mr. Garland has turned aside from the plains for a time, and has chosen for his background stage-life in New York. A dramatist, a stage manager, and an actress take the place of the types with which Mr. Garland's name has long been associated.

Kings and Queens I Have Known. By Helene Vacaresco.

A large volume which gives the personal and informal account of a lady-in-waiting to Queen Elizabeth of Roumania (Carmen Sylva). The publishers label it as "a vivacious book of gossip about royalty."

The Son of Light Horse Harry. By James Barnes.

A story of adventure, especially intended for boy readers, which follows the career of General Robert E. Lee from his days at West Point through the Mexican War. It is interesting to note that the frontispiece is the reproduction of an original sketch made by General Lee just prior to the Mexican War, and which he presented to General James Barnes, the author's father.

The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland. By Michael Davitt.

This work sums up the life of Parnell, Davitt, and other Irish agitators. The author has himself had an interesting career. At the age of seven he was evicted by his landlord; at the age of ten he lost his right arm in a Lancashire cotton mill. After many other experiences, he joined Parnell in 1879, and helped to found the Irish Land League.

In Search of the Unknown. By Robert W. Chambers.

The adventures of a professor "in search of the unknown." His assistant, more in search of love affairs than anything else, gives a sentimental flavour to the book, which is written in a humourous vein.

Success Among Nations. By Emil Reich, LL.D.

In his preface, the author sums up the purpose of this volume as follows: " . . . . the attempt has been made to initiate the reader into the psychological view of History, by giving in outline and by means of a few illustrations, a bird's-eye view of the human forces that have raised some nations to the glory of success, while their absence has prevented other nations from holding their own in the battle for historic existence."

The Gems of the East. By A. H. Savage Landor.

A complete work on the topography, ethnology, civil and political conditions of the Philippines to-day. In his travels over thousands of miles of territory, Mr. Landon explored districts never before visited by white men.

Lane:

Mademoiselle Blanche. By John D. Barry.

This is the first in the series of popular novels which Mr. John Lane is to bring out under the title, "The Canvas Back Library." Although Mr. Barry wrote this story some years ago, it has not been forgotten, and it is now in its fourth edition. Mademoiselle Blanche is a Parisian circus performer, a type of woman seldom found in fiction.

The Philanthropist. By John F. Causton.

A new novel which, like its predecessor "The Comedy of a Suburban Chapel," deals with the activities, social and otherwise, of an English parish.

Life Publishing Company:

Tomfoolery. Text and Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg.

An excellent little bit of nonsense for the summer time. The verses are funny, and the drawings are funnier.

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Longmans, Green and Company:

Love's Proxy. By Richard Bagot.

A new novel by Mr. Bagot is always welcome, as we recall with pleasure his "Donna Diana," "A Roman Mystery," "Casting of Nets," and "The Just and the Unjust." The present novel is a story of London, its society and its politics.

Old West Surrey. By Gertrude Jekyll.

A large volume with over three hundred illustrations reproduced from photographs taken by the author. These notes and memories of Old West Surrey are written by one who has lived all her life in that part of the country, and she gives her impressions of the ways, lives and habitations of the older people of the working classes. Many of the illustrations show the houses, the furniture, and the types of men and women of Surrey.

The Dread Inferno. By M. Alice Wyld.

A small volume containing notes for beginners who wish to study Dante.

The Church and Its Organisation in Primitive and Catholic Times. By Walter Lowrie, M.A.

A large volume which the author describes as an interpretation of Rudolph Sohm's Kirchenrecht. Dr. Sohm is Professor of the Juristic faculty of the University of Leipsic, and best known in this country as a writer upon Roman law.

The Evolution of Modern Liberty. By George L. Scherger, Ph.D.

A study of political theories, in which the author traces their development and genesis as embodied in the Bills of Rights and the French Declaration of the Rights of Man.

Macmillan Company:

The Virginian. By Owen Wister.

A paper covered edition of Mr. Wister's popular story of a Horseman of the Plains.

The Flame Gatherers. By Margaret Horton Potter.

A story of India in the thirteenth century, which gives a vivid picture of Indian life during the years of the Mohammedan invasion. The book is divided into two parts: "Flesh-Fire" and "Soul-Fire." It is dedicated to Gerhardt Hauptmann, for whom the author professes profound admiration. Reviewed in this number.

The Faith of Men. By Jack London.

A collection of short stories dealing with the people of the Northland. There are but eight stories in the volume, most of them having appeared in various magazines.

The Queen's Quair. By Maurice Hewlett.

One of the important books of the month. It is a romance of Mary, Queen of Scots, which Mr. Hewlett, in his subtitle, describes as "The Six Years' Tragedy." It is reviewed in the present number.

The Crossing. By Winston Churchill.

A new novel by the author of "Richard Carvel" and "The Crisis" is another important event of the month. THE BOOKMAN will review "The Crossing" in a forthcoming number.

Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature. By George Brandes. Volume V.

This work is to be complete in six volumes. The present one deals with "The Romantic School in France," while the sixth and last will be entitled "Young Germany."

Poems of Thomas Campbell. Selected and Arranged by Lewis Campbell.

A pocket edition of Campbell's poems which the editor has divided and classified under separate headings. The frontispiece is from a painting by Sir David Wilkie.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

Two Plays of Israel. By Florence Wilkinson.

These two plays, "David of Bethlehem" and "Mary Magdalen," are commented on in the Chronicle of the present issue, and a new photograph of Miss Wilkinson is reproduced in connection with them.

Putnam's Sons:

Popular Tales from the Norse. By Sir George Webbe Dasent.

A new edition of Dasent's "Tales from the Norse." The book has been out of print for a number of years, and the edition, which contains a memoir by Arthur Irwin Dasent, has been prepared for publication on both sides of the Atlantic. We understand that but few copies will be published on this side.

The Veil of the Temple; or, From Dark to Twilight. By William Hurrell Mallock.

A romance of English society in which the characters represent the fashionable, political, and intellectual world of to-day.

Clarence King Memoirs. The Helmet of Mambrino.

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The Board of Management of the Century Association have brought out this King Memorial Book, which contains a number of personal memoirs contributed by James D. Hague, John Hay, William Dean Howells, John La Farge, Edmund Clarence Stedman, William Clary Brownell, and Edward Cary, also a reprint of Mr. King's story, "The Helmet of Mambrino," which appeared in the "Century" for May, 1886. The book is handsomely printed and bound, and serves as a unique memorial of a man held in high esteem by all who knew him.

James Lawrence. By Albert Gleaves.

The fifth volume in the series of "American Men of Energy." James Lawrence was a captain in the United States Navy and commander of the "Chesapeake." There is a short introduction by Admiral Dewey.

Russia. Her Strength and Her Weakness. By Wolf von Schierbrand.

A study of the present conditions existing in Russia. The author's main object in writing this book has been to lay bare, without bias, the sources and extent of Russia's strength and weakness.

The Island Pharisees. By John Galsworthy.

A novel which satirises certain types of men and women to be found in English upper society.

Physical Training for Children by Japanese Methods. By H. Irving Hancock.

A manual for use in schools and at home, by the author of "Japanese Physical Training," and "Physical Training for Women." The courses contained in the present volume are intended to extend through a whole school year.

The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell with Elucidations. By Thomas Carlyle. Edited in Three Volumes with Notes, Supplement and Enlarged Index. By S. C. Lomas. With an Introduction by C. H. Firth, M.A.

The first edition of this work appeared in December, 1845, and in the text of the letters in this new and enlarged edition every effort has been made to see the originals where they exist, in order that any errors might be corrected.

Frederick the Great and the Rise of Prussia. By W. F. Reddaway, M.A.

A new volume in the series of biographical studies entitled "Heroes of the Nations," edited by H. W. Carless Davis, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. In sketching the career of Frederick the Great and defining its relation to the rise of Prussia, Mr. Reddaway has made free use of printed works on the subject, especially Frederick's "Œuvres," and "Politische Correspondenz."

Belgian Life in Town and Country. By Demetrius C. Boulger.

The last in the series of "Our European Neighbours," edited by William Harbutt Dawson. All of the volumes are illustrated.

Rand, McNally and Company:

King Arthur and His Knights. By Maude L. Radford.

The stories in this book have been collected from Morte d'Arthur and Idyls of the King, and adapted for reading in the fifth and sixth grades of schools. The stories are illustrated. The author is an instructor in English in the University of Chicago.

Duchess of Few Clothes. By Philip Payne.

A Chicago comedy, by the author of "The Mills of Man," a novel published last year.

Scott-Thaw Company:

A Book of Sundial Mottoes. Compiled by Alfred H. Hyatt.

The second volume in The Garden Lover's Series. The mottoes are chosen from a rare old work entitled "Mechanick Dialling," and the Latin as well as the English versions are given.

Stokes Company:

The Magnetic North. By Elizabeth Robins.

A strong and vivid story of the Yukon trail, of the privation and hardships of life near the Arctic circle. Miss Robins's "The Open Question" created an unusual amount of discussion at the time of its publication several years ago. "The Magnetic North" is reviewed in the current number.

The Penetration of Arabia. A Record of the Development of Western Knowledge Concerning the Arabian Peninsula. By David George Hogarth.

The purpose of this book is to describe the exploration of inland Arabia. The author has made a study of the literature of Arabian travel, and he wishes his work to be regarded "as a mere essay in the polarisation, appreciation, and introduc-

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tion to the public of other men's first-hand work." There are a number of illustrations, and maps by J. G. Bartholomew.

Scribner's Sons:

Brave Hearts. By W. A. Fraser.

The dozen stories in this volume deal with the romance of the modern horse race in the United States, Canada, England, and India. It would be interesting to see what a typical jockey would think of this book.

The Dark Ages. By W. P. Ker.

The first in a series entitled Periods of European Literature, to be complete in twelve volumes, edited by Professor Saintsbury.

Fort Amity. By A. T. Quiller-Couch.

A novel of adventure, the scene of which is laid in America at the time of the French and Indian War. The story opens with the storming of Fort Ticonderoga, and the plot centres upon the British movement in French Canada.

The Bye-Ways of Braithe. By Frances Powell.

A new novel by the author of "The House on the Hudson." The scene is laid in Braithe Manor, which the first American Braithe built, in imitation of the ancestral home of the Braithes in England. A secret room and many mysterious passages explain the reason for the title.

Bred in the Bone. By Thomas Nelson Page.

There are seven Southern stories in this volume. Mr. Page says he has selected this title, not so much because of the first story as because all the stories are founded on traits of character which have appeared to be bred in the bone.

The Seiners. By J. B. Connolly.

The first long novel to come from the author of "Out of Gloucester," and it goes without saying that this is also a sea story. This is the first book of Mr. Connolly's in which women appear among the characters. Reviewed in this number.

S. R. I. Community:

The Confessions of a Railroad Man.

This is the work of a well-known railroad man and a friend of his, neither of whom wishes his identity to be revealed. At the age of twenty, the railroad man accepted a position as clerk to the Land Commissioner of the Iowa Railroad Land Company, with headquarters at Chicago. After that his experiences were many and his advancement rapid.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Revere Publishing Company:

Alicia. By Albert A. Hartzell.

A member of the Buffalo Bar is responsible for this novel of "romance and tragedy."

Boston.

Badger:

A Book of Verse. By John Lewis March.

A collection of short and long poems, fifteen in all.

Hayfield Mower:

The Hayfield Mower and Scythe of Progress. By the Mower-Man. Volume I. Numbers 1 to 26.

This volume is supposed to contain selections from twenty-six numbers of the Hayfield Mower, a representative country newspaper, says the author, "edited with aggressive horse-sense and the homely fearlessness of one who naked-eyedly sees things in their unclothed reality, and speaks with the strenuous tongue of untrammeled conviction."

Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

An Island Garden. By Celia Thaxter.

This book was first published about ten years ago, elaborately illustrated. In its present form it is a reprint without illustrations, published at a reasonable price.

English and Scottish Popular Ballads. Edited from the collection of Francis James Child. By Helen Child Sargent and George Lyman Kittredge.

A complete one-volume Cambridge edition of the ballads based on Professor Child's collection. The volumes in this edition are thoroughly edited and are intended as an aid in the study of the poets and their works.

A Texas Matchmaker. By Andy Adams.

Mr. Adams intends to write a trilogy of the plains. The first was "The Log of a Cowboy;" the present volume deals with the cattle on the ranch, and the third will bring them to the market. The matchmaker is an old cattleman, while the narrator of the tale is Tom Quirk, the hero of "The Log of a Cowboy."

The Penobscot Man. By Fannie Hardy Eckstorm.

Mrs. Eckstorm tells of the experiences and adventures of the Penobscot river-

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men. The book should be added to the number of "out-door" stories which make their especial appeal at this season of the year. A photograph of the author appears under Chronicle and Comment.

Francis Parkman. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick.

Mr. Sedgwick bases his biography of Francis Parkman upon the historian's diaries, notes, and letters. The volume belongs to the series of American Men of Letters.

Beowulf and the Finnesburgh Fragment. Translated from the Old English, with an Introductory Sketch and Notes by Clarence Griffin Child.

A new volume in the Riverside Literature Series. Mr. Bliss Perry is now the editor of this series, having succeeded Horace E. Scudder in 1901.

Lee and Shepard:

How a Little Girl Went to Africa. Told by Herself. By Leona Mildred Bicknell.

A little girl of ten has told in her own words a journey which she undertook in the company of her father and mother, who went as missionaries to the Zulus in South Africa.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Shadow of the Czar. By John R. Carling.

The romantic story of an English officer's love for a Polish Princess. This is a new edition and follows closely after Mr. Carling's "The Viking's Skull."

White Aprons. By Maud Wilder Goodwin.

A new and popular edition of Mrs. Goodwin's romance of Bacon's Rebellion.

The King's Henchman. By William Henry Johnson.

This novel of the sixteenth century first appeared in 1897.

Up and Down the Sands of Gold. By Mary Devereux.

A love story of the present time, which was first published in 1901.

A Detached Pirate. By Helen Milecete.

The romantic story of Gay Vandeleur, a pirate, which first appeared in the "Smart Set," afterwards published in book form in 1903.

With Fire and Sword. By Henryk Sienkiewicz.

A new edition of the authorised and unabridged translation from the Polish, by Jeremiah Curtin.

Without Dogma. By Henryk Sienkiewicz.

Sienkiewicz's novel of Modern Poland, translated by Iza Young.

A Dream of a Throne. By Charles F. Embree.

The dramatic story of a Mexican revolt, first published in 1900.

Kismet. By Julia C. Fletcher.

This love story, in which the action takes place on a Nile voyage, appeared as long ago as 1876.

A Daughter of New France. By Mary Catherine Crowley.

A historical romance of Sieur Cadillac and his colony on the Detroit. It was first published in 1901.

A Maid of Bar Harbor. By Henrietta G. Rowe.

The story of a Down-East girl.

When the Gates Lift Up Their Heads. By Payne Erskine.

A story of the South after the war, which at the time it first appeared received condemnation from Southern papers and praise from the Northern papers.

In the Country God Forgot. By Frances Charles.

A story of life to-day in Arizona.

The Love-Letters of the King; or The Life Romantic. By Richard Le Gallienne.

This book, as well as the volumes preceding it, are being published by the Messrs. Little, Brown and Company in a popular edition, bound in cloth, and sold at seventy-five cents each.

Lothrop Publishing Company:

Doris Farrand's Vocation. By "Pansy" (Mrs. G. R. Alden).

The story of a young girl who seeks her vocation in church work and amid the social environments of college and church. The young man who helps her in these matters is studying for the ministry. The book is in "Pansy's" usual vein, and should appeal to young readers.

Evelyn Byrd. By George Cary Eggleston.

This is the third and last of what Mr. Eggleston calls "a trilogy of romances," in which he endeavours to show the character of the men and women of Virginia. The two preceding novels are "Dorothy

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South" and "The Master of Warlock." Some of the characters familiar to the readers of the other books appear in the present story.

Pilgrim Press:

A Case of Sardines. By Charles Poole Cleaves.

The story of a sardine-factory girl. The scene is laid on the Maine coast, and the characters are the people of that locality.

Poet-Lore Company:

The Brownings of America. By Elizabeth Porter Gould.

"From the first of their literary career," says the author in this monograph, "America not only honoured the Brownings, but the Brownings honoured America." She goes on to tell of the various Browning Societies here, the number of memorials, and recalls to the reader the friendships which existed between the Brownings and certain well-known Americans of their day.

Robinson, Luce Company:

The Foolish Dictionary. By Gideon Wurdz.

Here are a few of the definitions found in this book of foolishness:

Cupid: A Driver of Darts.
Cupidity: A driver of sharp deals.
Feint: A pugilist's bluff.
Faint: A woman's bluff.
Individuality: A harmless trait possessed by one's self. The same trait in others is downright idiocy.

Small, Maynard and Company:

Kin O'Ktaadn. By Holman F. Day.

A new volume of verse, by the author of "Up in Maine" and "Pine Tree Ballads." In a sub-title, Mr. Day describes this little book as "verse stories of the plain folk who are keeping bright the old home fires up in Maine."

Under the Vierkleur. By General Ben Biljoen.

A novel of adventure in South Africa during the late war. General Viljoen was born in South Africa in 1868, and at the age of thirty represented the city of Johannesburg in the legislature of the Transvaal. He came to this country in 1903. He is also the author of "My Reminiscences of the Anglo-Boer War."

West Company:

First Lessons in the New Thought, or The Way to the Ideal Life. By J. W. Winkley, M.D.

A small book containing practical suggestions to those who care to study and to follow the doctrine of mental healing.

Chicago.

Laird and Lee:

Modern Electricity. By James Henry, M.E., and Karel J. Hora, M.S.

A practical working encyclopædia to be used as a text-book for students, apprentices, artisans, and engineers.

Lyon and Healy:

The Hawley Collection of Violins.

A large and profusely illustrated volume on the history of the makers of violins, with a review of the evolution and decline of the art of violin-making in Italy from 1540 to 1800. The publishers have spared no expense in the preparation of this brochure, and in their preface they say that "the work has been entirely a matter of love." The twelve violins which have come into their possession, and which are the subject of the work, were originally the property of the late Mr. R. D. Hawley, of Hartford, Connecticut.

McClurg and Company:

Sermonettes. Selected and Translated from the French of Félicité Robert de Lamennais. By J. L. Jacobson van Hemert.

The greater part of these sermonettes has been taken from Paroles d'un Croyant, Une Voix de Prison, and Le Livre du Peuple. Monsieur de Lamennais was born at St. Maol in 1872, and died in Paris in 1854.

Stone and Company:

The Highroad. Being the Autobiography of an Ambitious Mother.

A review of this book may be found elsewhere in the current number of THE BOOKMAN.

Thompson and Thomas:

Tattlings of a Retired Politician. By Forrest Crissey.

These tattlings take the form of letters which pass between the Honourable William Bradley, ex-Governor and veteran politician and his friend Ned, who is still "carving a career back in the old State." The illustrations are by the well-known cartoonist John T. McCutcheon, and add considerably to the amusement afforded by the author. The book appears at an opportune time, and it will probably have a large sale.

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Cleveland, Ohio.

Clark Company:

Pioneer Roads and Experiences of Travelers. (Volume I.) By Archer Butler Hulbert.

The Cumberland Road.

Two new volumes in the series of Historic Highways of America. This work has received mention under this department in preceding numbers of THE BOOKMAN.

The Philippine Islands. 1493-1898. Translated from the Originals. Edited and annotated by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson, with historical introduction and additional notes by Edward Gaylord Bourne. Volumes XI., XII., and XIII.

These three volumes cover the period from 1599 to 1605.

Indianapolis.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Cost. By David Graham Phillips.

Mr. Phillips's new novel, like his "Golden Fleece," is a story of modern American business and politics. It is stated that it was one of the most successful serials which appeared in the "Saturday Evening Post," and it is already being mentioned among the six best selling books. Reviewed in this number.

The Castaway. By Hallie Ermine Rives.

In a bright red binding, with brightly coloured illustrations by Mr. Howard Chandler Christy, "The Castaway" will probably take its place with "Hearts Courageous." Miss Rives dedicates this story of "three great men" to Post Wheeler, Litt.D.

London.

Allen:

The Ethics of the Dust. By John Ruskin.

A pocket edition of the ten lectures which Ruskin delivered at a girls' school in 1865.

Memphis.

Paul and Douglass Company:

Poems. By Walter Malone.

In this volume may be found poems which appear in Mr. Malone's other books. "Songs of North and South," "Songs of Dusk and Dawn," "Songs of December and June," and "Narcissus and Other Poems." Mr. Malone is a lawyer, in Memphis, and his work appears from time to time in THE BOOKMAN and other magazines.

Philadelphia.

Jewish Publication Society of America:

In Assyrian Tents. By Louis Pendleton.

A story of adventure, with the scenes laid in Jerusalem.

Lippincott Company:

Olive Latham. By E. L. Voynich.

It is said that Mrs. Voynich has spent fourteen years upon this book. It is a story of Russia, and a review of it appears elsewhere in the present number of THE BOOKMAN.

Present Day Japan. By Augusta M. Campbell Davidson, M.A.

A large, illustrated volume, the material of which was not in the first place intended for publication. The author gives her personal impression of Japan, after having arrived there "with no feeling but curiosity and gradually falling under its manifold charm through the sympathy brought by increasing familiarity."

St. Louis.

St. Louis News Company:

Brief History of the Louisiana Territory. By Walter Robinson Smith, Ph.M.

A concise manual of the history of the Louisiana Purchase, based upon four lectures which were delivered before the Washington University Association on the Mary Hemenway Foundation. The author is an instructor of American history in that university.

Washington.

Neale Publishing Company:

I Dine With My Mother. From the French of Pierre-Henri-Adrien Decourcelle. By Evelyn Clark Morgan.

The translation of a little French play in which appear five characters. The scene is laid in Paris in 1765.

Lucas-Lincoln Company:

Princess and Pilgrim in England. By Caroline Sheldon.

The first of a series of books of travel to be written by Miss Sheldon, and to be published under the general title, Familar Guide Series.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between May and June, 1904.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

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New York City.

1. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday.) $1.50.
4. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.

Albany, N. Y.

1. Four Roads to Paradise. Gordon. (Century.) $1.50.
2. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Bred in the Bone. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Villa Claudia. Mitchell. (Life Publishing Company.) $1.50.
5. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

Atlanta, Ga.

1. A Woman's Will. Warner. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday.) $1.50.
5. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50.

Baltimore. Md.

1. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century.) $1.50.
3. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Siient Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.

Boston, Mass.

1. The Transgression of Andrew Vane. Carryl. (Holt.) $1.50.
2. The Darrow Enigma. Severy. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Anna the Adventuress. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. How Tyson Came Home. Rideing. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.

Boston, Mass.

1. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Spencer Autobiography. (Appleton.) $5.50 net.
3. The Adventures of Elizabeth In Rügen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Descent of Man. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Life of John Andrews. Pearson. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $5 net.
6. Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant. Shaw. (Story.) $2.50.

Buffalo, N. Y.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Alicia. Hartzell. (Revere Publishing Company.) $1.25 net.
3. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
4. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Chicago, Ill.

1. Jewel of Seven Stars. Stoker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
3. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century.) $1.50.
4. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) $2.50.
6. By the Fireside. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.

Cleveland, O.

1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
3. Robert Cavelier. Orcutt. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Cap'n Eri. Lincoln. (Barnes.) $1.50.
6. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.

Dallas, Tex.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.

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3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Lux Crucis. Gardenhire. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

Denver, Colo.

1. Heart of My Heart. Meredith. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.25.
2. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. A Texas Matchmaker. Adams. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Autobiography of Herbert Spencer. (Appleton.) $5.50.

Detroit, Mich.

1. Felice Constant. Sprague. (Stokes.) $1.08.
2. He That Eateth Bread With Me. Keays. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.08.
3. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.08.
4. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.08.
5. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.08.
6. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.08.

Indianapolis, Ind.

1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The Grafters. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Kansas City, Mo.

1. Order No. 11. Stanley. (Century.) $1.50.
2. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. By the Fireside. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips.) $1 net.
6. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.00.

Los Angeles, Cal.

1. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.

Louisville, Ky.

1. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
2. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. Little Union Scout. Harris. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.25.
5. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century.) $1.50.
6. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.

Memphis, Tenn.

1. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. He That Eateth Bread With Me. Keays. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) Paper, 25c.

New Haven, Conn.

1. A Daughter of Dab. Taylor. (Century.) $1.50.
2. Villa Claudia. Mitchell. (Life Publishing Company.) $1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. Clarence King's Memoirs. (King Meml. Com. of Century Associations.) $2.50 net.

New Orleans, La.

1. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.50.

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3. Daughters of Nijo. Watanna. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. He That Eateth Bread With Me. Keays. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
6. Bright Face of Danger. Stevens. (Page.) $1.50.

Norfolk, Va.

1. Where the Tides Come In. Thurston. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Daughters of Nijo. Watanna. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Admirable Tinker. Jepson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.

Omaha, Neb.

1. Uncle Mac's Nebraska. Lighton. (Holt.) $1.25.
2. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

1. Robert Cavelier. Orcutt. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
3. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Issue. Morgan. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Darrow Enigma. Severy. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Portland, Me.

1. The Effendi. Whitehouse. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
3. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century.) $1.50.
6. Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Portland, Ore.

1. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
4. The Darrow Enigma. Severy. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50.

Rochester, N. Y.

1. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
2. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.

St. Paul, Minn.

1. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. A Woman's Will. Warner. (Little-Brown.) $1.50.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

1. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper's.) $1.50.
3. Lions of the Lord. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
6. Extracts from Adam's Diary. Twain. (Harper's.) $1.50.

Toledo, Ohio.

1. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
2. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

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3. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Adam's Diary. Twain. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.

Toronto, Canada.

1. The Silent Places. White. (Morang & Co.) $1.50.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (McLeod & Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.
3. Strong Mac. Crockett. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Musson Book Co.) 75c.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (McLeod & Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.

Washington, D. C.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century.) $1.50.
5. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.

Washington, D. C.

1. Quintessence of Ibsenism. Shaw. (Brentano's.) $1.
2. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Lost King. Shackleford. (Brentano's.) $1.25.
4. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Letters from England. Bancroft. (Scribner.) $1.50 net.
6. Cashel Byron's Profession. Shaw. (Brentano's.) $1.25.

Worcester, Mass.

1. The Villa Claudia. Mitchell. (Life Publishing Co.) $1.50.
2. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
3. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50
4. The Fat of the Land. Streeter. (Macmillan Co.) $1.50.
5. A Woman's Hardy Garden. Ely. (Macmillan Co.) $1.75.
6. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.

St. Louis, Mo.

1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. He That Eateth Bread With Me. Keays. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.

San Francisco, Cal.

1. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
5. Adam's Diary. Mark Twain. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.25.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS.
A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives 10
" "	2d	"	"		8
" "	3d	"	"		7
" "	4th	"	"		6
" "	5th	"	"		5
" "	6th	"	"		4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS.
1. The Silent Places. White. (McClure & Phillips.) $1.50	150
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50	112
3. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.50	89
4. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50	87
5. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50	81
6. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	71

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